

Texas Siftings.

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AT THE NATIONAL MERRY-GO-ROUND.

UNCLE SAM—THAT FELLOW FROM TEXAS IS AS GOOD AS THE BEST OF THEM. HE HITS THE MARK EVERY TIME.

Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

A CASE for appeal—an orange.

LIFE is not all Sun-shine.—Cleveland.

SCOTCH soldiers bear arms, and legs, too.

A PEACEFUL revolution—turning a somer-sault.

WHEN the sun doth shed its rays the prudent farmer sheds his sleighs.

MANY "blue ribbons" of the past are now used to tie labels to demijohns.

AN UNTHINKING partisan, like a sightless monkey, blindly follows an organ.

DOES the increased duty on window glass make staring out of club windows an increased duty?

TALK about a severe Winter. You ought to read Nym Crinkle when he goes for an actor or a play.

SO THE color line is now drawn in naval affairs. All of our new men-of-war belong to the White Squadron.

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught are coming to visit us. Connaughtly people raise any objection to this?

HOW CAN Stanley's intended bride hope to hold permanent possession of his heart? She is only a Tennant, anyhow.

AN ENGLISH scientist has discovered an insect with 11,000 eyes. What a world of noes would be necessary to defeat any object it had in view.

IF THE Albany investigating committee throws its net for small fish and lets the big ones go, it will save at the Fassett and waste at the bung-hole.

THERE are nearly nine thousand licensed saloons in New York city, not to count the multitude of places that go on in the most unlicensed manner.

THE expression, "And that's what's the matter with me," will be generally revived when the census-taker gets through asking people what ails them.

IT WAS a worthy act on the part of Butterworth to denounce the iniquities of the McKinley tariff bill. Butterworthy man should have voted with his convictions.

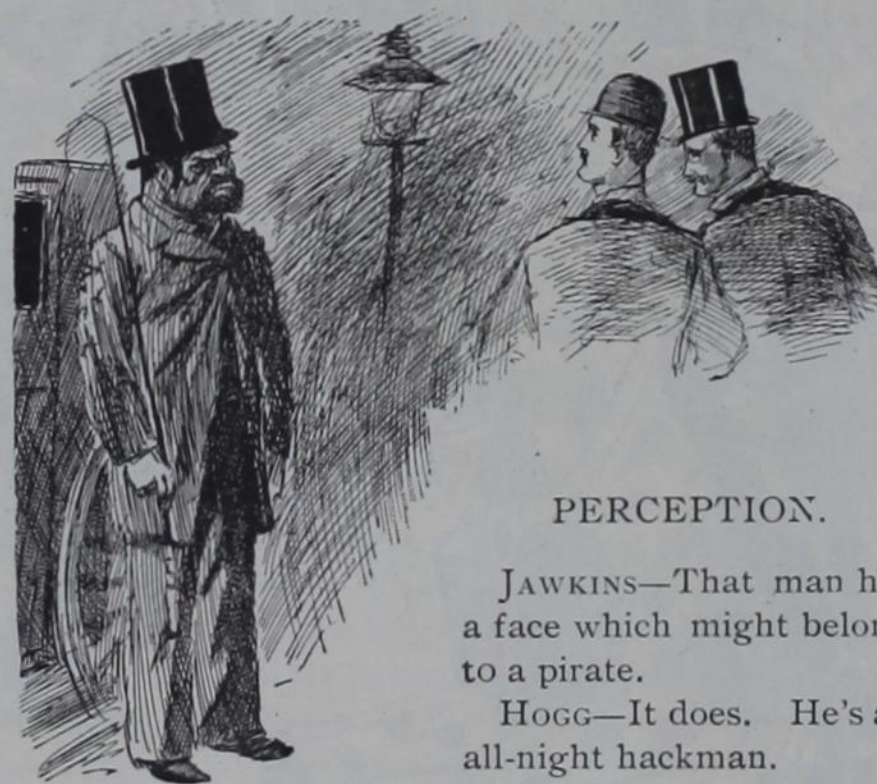
"THE weekly payment law won't help my case any," said an employé, gloomily. "Down at our establishment payments are growing more and more weakly every year."

NEW YORK milk dealers aver that they can close the eyes of inspectors with money. Inspectors indignantly deny it, but the milkmen are firm—they won't take water, they say.

"DEFICIENCY threatened," heads a Washington dispatch to a morning paper. If deficiency in brains in Washington is what is meant the country will not be startled. It is used to it.

NINE YEARS OF TEXAS SIFTINGS.

In the Spring of A. D. 1881 the first copy of Vol. I, No. 1, of TEXAS SIFTINGS was wrenched from the press, and, having been explored for typographical errors, was shook in the face of the bewildered public. Nine years have waxed and waned, but the apprehensions of some of the early six-months'-subscribers that they had been too reckless in paying in advance have not yet been realized. If we except the unique head-line, which still continues to extort admiration, and even awe, from those who see it for the first time, there was nothing about the appearance of the first issue of TEXAS SIFTINGS that justified betting any large amount that it had any "jumping pints" over any other ambitious frog in the pond of Texas journalism. But it had such "pints." As a jumper it has surpassed the jumping frog from Calaveras County before he inhaled the shot. Those who anticipated that its principal mission was to assist other struggling journalists to starve to death were surprised when, in a few months, it jumped up to a circulation of 20,000, with a steady upward tendency. The next big jump of TEXAS SIFTINGS was from Austin, Texas to New York city. It has since jumped across the Atlantic Ocean. The wealthy Texan who is doing Europe experiences a strange sensation when the broad-faced English newsboy shoves the familiar paper under his nose, and shouts, "Ere's your TEXAS SIFTINGS!" He is still more surprised when he discovers it in the hotel reading rooms of the European hotels, or on the news-stands at the antipodes in far-distant Australia. TEXAS SIFTINGS was founded by Alexander E. Sweet and J. Armoyn Knox, both of whom were born under the British flag, but moved to Texas at an early period of their career. The original and peculiar humor which Mr. Sweet had developed as a Texas journalist was united to the inventive mind and business dash of Mr. Knox—himself a writer of recognized talent—and the combination has proven a very happy one. Mr. Griswold, who has long enjoyed a national reputation as a humorist, came into the concern as editor and part proprietor in 1886, and gives his undivided attention to it. In view of the great success that has attended the progress of TEXAS SIFTINGS, its conductors, on this anniversary occasion, feel justified in congratulating themselves, and saying, "Here's to us!"



PERCEPTION.

JAWKINS—That man has a face which might belong to a pirate.

HOGG—It does. He's an all-night hackman.

OFFENSES OF POLICEMEN.

A New York Police Captain has been taught that he doesn't run all the theatres in town, and cannot close one of them up to satisfy private pique. Captain Hooker, who made the curtain descend at Hammerstein's Opera House in Harlem, on the technical charge that the license had expired, was convicted by the Police Commissioners of conduct unbecoming an officer, and transferred to the patrol boat, besides losing thirty days' pay. Previous good conduct saved him from the dismissal he so richly merited. He has been taught a lesson that he and others holding police authority should profit by. There are seasons when police outrages seem to be an epidemic. A patrolman has to answer to the charge of cruelly beating a sixteen-year-old boy, after he had quietly surrendered, and delivered over a pistol with which he had shot another boy, as he claimed, in self-defense. All are not agreed as to the culpability of the officer who arrested ex-Mayor Hewitt's son in front of an uptown theatre, and made a humiliating spectacle of him along Broadway, conducting him to the station-house. "An ex-Mayor's son is no better than a poor man's son," says one. That depends on behavior a good deal. Undue severity is as great an offense in a policeman as neglect of duty, sometimes.

TENDER OF THEIR WOMEN.

Russian indignation was very great in Constantinople when a Turkish officer and five students were arrested for assaulting the wife and daughter of a member of the Russian embassy, recently. The Russian ambassador was loath to deliver his prisoners over to the Turkish authorities, fearing that they would escape punishment. But he did, finally, and the culprits were sentenced to imprisonment for six months, to be followed by life banishment to Tripoli. The Russian ambassador thanked the Sultan for his prompt action, in a letter. The Russians are very tender about their women, except when they are sent to Siberia, where they are sometimes made to die under the terrible knout.

BASE-BALL ON THE DECLINE.

A terrible rumor has been creeping through the air of late—the American public is losing its interest in base-ball! And it is only a little while ago we read that base-ball had come to stay. Is it possible that the time is approaching when the announcement of a game will not set half the population of a town racing to the base-ball grounds; when a young man would rather see a player make a base than make a hundred dollars himself, or when a truant boy can't be persuaded to run home until he has seen a home-run? Perhaps it will, and many people, wearied of the base-ball mania, will welcome it, too. They have tired of the columns of base-ball news, in the daily papers, and of the "Go: sip of the Diamond," which tells how "Short-stop Billy" has sprained his thumb, and "Catcher Sam" has had new wires put in his mask, and "Left-field Jo" left the field in order to have his breeches half-sole. The national game is all right, but it shouldn't be too absorbing. There is something else to live for.

A TOUGH FLORIDA MAYOR.

Cedar Keys, Florida, is suffering from the one-man power. The one man is the city Mayor. He got himself elected Mayor chiefly from the fact that he is such a terror that the people didn't dare oppose him. After his election he carried things with a high hand. If he took a dislike to a man the man found it healthier to move into another community. He conceived a prejudice against a United States Collector at Cedar Keys, and made it so hot for him that the Collector was compelled to shut himself up in his house, where the monotony of his imprisonment was enlivened at intervals by the spectacle of the Mayor marching up and down on the street, with a double-barreled shot-gun over his shoulder, ready to give the Collector a salute when he appeared. The government sent a revenue cutter to the assistance of the Collector, and the Mayor fled. The citizens were greatly relieved for a while and thought of holding public thanksgiving in the churches, but a rumor that their terrible Mayor was likely to return caused postponement. It is a remarkable instance of one desperate and determined man aweing an entire community and openly defying the general government. He probably considers himself a bigger man than "Old Harrison."

HE WANTS THE EARTH.

The man who is afraid he isn't getting all that his money pays for, turns up in various ways. Sometimes he is found in the theatre, where he insists on occupying a reserve seat without having paid for one. He stands—or rather sits, upon his rights, and if the usher isn't able to eject him a policeman has to be called, and the audience is seriously vexed and disturbed. Again, he "puts up" at a hotel, and as he isn't willing to put up enough money he doesn't get a parlor and bedroom, with bath-room attached, which he claims he is entitled to, and there is a row. Occasionally he refuses to pay fare in a crowded street car unless he be provided with a seat, and in this he is undoubtedly right; and if there were more like him in New York the greedy corporations would be compelled to put on more cars to accommodate a long-suffering public. In Pennsylvania, recently, the man who wants a great deal for his money bought an ordinary railway ticket, for he was an ordinary sort of a man himself, and then boarded a limited train. He was ejected, of course, and he sued the railway company. The case went against him, for the judge held that it is the business of a passenger to see that he has the right sort of a ticket. He could ride on a limited train but he must pay extra for the privilege. There are men with such a limited amount of common sense that they can't understand this simple proposition.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XXXI.



IN A QUEER old quarter of Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, is a drinking fountain surmounted by a worn and weather-stained statue of Jeanne Darc, and that is said to have been the location of the market place where she suffered death at the stake. It is not a market place now, but a dingy little square called Place de

Jeanne Darc. One of the finest and busiest streets in Rouen is named Rue de Jeanne Darc in her honor, and your guide will conduct you to the old tower in which she was confined. I observed that the name is always spelled Darc in Rouen, so I adopt that orthography here.

Visitors to the Paris Exposition last summer could see the veritable house in which the Maid of Orleans was born in Domrémy, for it was brought there, together with numerous pieces of furniture that had belonged to it. And the garden in which *La Pucelle*, as the French call her, used to wander, listening to the strange voices, was faithfully reproduced, also. And as you look at these things, *chers petits enfants*, you hate to be told (as a French investigator of history now avers) that Jeanne Darc was almost a myth, and that there was very little foundation in truth for the legends that have been woven around her name.

The English cause lost ground rapidly in France after the cruel death of the Maid, which they were instrumental in bringing about. The youthful Henry VI. of England was brought to Paris and crowned at Notre Dame, but the sullen people viewed the ceremony in silence. The enthusiasm with which they had received his father on a similar errand had wholly disappeared. They wanted a Frenchman as King of the French. Really, Henry was too English, ye know.

The Duke of Burgundy, wearied of the English alliance, sought a reconciliation with Charles VII., and together they drove the English from Paris, and finally from all France except the towns of Calais and Guines, with the narrow strip of adjacent territory. Calais was held by the English for two hundred and fifty years, and it was the loss of it in 1547 that broke the heart of "Bloody Mary"—the first intimation, by the way, her subjects had that Mary had a heart. She said that when she was dead the word Calais would be found written upon that organ of her anatomy, but I don't know whether such was the fact or not. Her tomb is shown in Westminster Abbey, but her heart has never been placed on exhibition that I ever heard of.

Charles VII. died in 1461, after establishing himself as one of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe, fairly earning his title of *Le Victorieux*. There were two great blots upon his fame—the treacherous assassination of John Without Fear, and his failure to try to save the life of the Maid of Orleans. He pleaded in defense of the first offence his extreme youth, which is a very lame excuse for murder, *mes enfants*. I trust that none of you will turn your hand to assassination just because you are young and frisky. To make tardy amends for his criminal neglect of Jeanne Darc in her hour of peril and extremity, twenty years after her death he instituted an inquiry which laid bare the execrable arts and treachery of the judges who condemned her, and the cruel sentence was publicly reversed and canceled. Little good did it do the Maid, however, after her body was cremated. Her relatives were en-

nobled and made wealthy by the King, which doubtless had a consoling effect upon the relations and immediate friends of the deceased. Alongside of the urn on the mantel-piece which contained her ashes, hung the new coat of arms of the Darc family, and while weeping at the sight of one they could glance with pride and satisfaction at the other.

The last days of Charles VII. were embittered by the treachery of friends and the revolt of his eldest son, who succeeded him as the famous Louis XI. He was almost insane from fear lest his son should poison him, and finally refused to take nourishment of any kind. Attempts to force food upon him failed, although the most tempting viands were placed before him, and after a total abstinence of seven days he succumbed. He died in July, 1461, at the age of fifty-eight, having reigned nearly thirty-nine years.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

IT TOOK TIME.

Miss Fanny—Mr. De Smith, I do not believe that you love me truly.

Gus De Smith—That's where you are fooling yourself, Miss Fanny. My love for you is not a passion that comes and goes. It has taken me five years to persuade myself that I really love you.

A LUCKY WOMAN.

Husband—What is the matter now?

Wife—O, I have such a dreadful headache.



Cooks Present the sick King the most Tempting Viands, but in vain.

Husband—It is very lucky for you that it is you and not me that has got that headache. If I had it I'd make it hot for you.

Absent-Minded.

Mrs. Gilhooly—How is your daughter coming on?
Mrs. Peterby—She is too absent-minded, poor thing. Just think of it; she went out walking yesterday afternoon with her intended, and came home at eleven o'clock with a gentleman who was a perfect stranger.

THE FIVE WAS LOAN-SOME.

A.—About a year ago you were so kind as to lend me \$5.

B.—Don't mention it. There is no hurry about your paying it back.

A.—Just so. Now, if you would be kind enough to lend me ten dollars, that would put me in your debt to the amount of \$15.

LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON.

Jones—There is nothing so prejudicial to health as hard drinking and late hours. That's what is killing off our statesmen at Washington.

Smith—Using up our statesmen at Washington, is it? Then let the good work go on. The country has no use for them, anyhow.

ONLY TEMPORARY.

Tom—You are such a modest, good girl, Jenny, that I'm afraid I'm not worthy of you.

Jenny—Don't let that worry you, Tom; it's only temporary.

THE POPULATION WOULD BE INCREASED BY A DARNED SIGHT.

Jim—There is a man in Virginia, who, owing to some defect in his eyesight, sees every object multiplied nineteen times.



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

—Longfellow—The Day is Done.

Bill—Great Scott! what an era of prosperity would dawn on this country if a few such fellows as that were employed to take the census.

ECONOMY.

Ferguson—Why did Richard III. offer to give his kingdom for a horse?

McCusick—I don't know, unless he had once paid cab hire in New York, and thought it would be cheaper to own a horse, no matter what he paid for it.

AS USUAL.

E.—Where are you going in such a hurry?

F.—I'm going to see Mr. Krank.

Why, he is a pessimist, who is always saying that he has nothing to live for.

Yes, that's when he is well.

WHAT HE NEEDED.

First New Yorker—Have you bought a copy of Mrs. Dean's great novel, *The One Thing Needful*?

Second New Yorker—No; I haven't got any money.

IN A BAD WAY.

Gilhooly—There has been a report all over town that you were dead.

Gus De Smith—You don't tell me so.

Yes, the report is that you are dead and buried.

Dear me! I hope the report will not be confirmed.

GASTRONOMICAL ITEM.

Bjones—Talking of sauces, hunger is the best sauce.

Bsmith—Maybe so, but hunger never has anything to go with the sauce.

HOW NEW YORKERS EAT.



poor bodies who never knew what their teeth were made for, and who use them simply as choppers to divide their food into fragments that can be gulped without causing instant death.

If there be one who reads this who is guilty of such a crime, let him go to the cow, and consider her ways and be wise.

But it is not of mastication, deglutition, and engorgement that I sing. It is of the accessories of eating; of the places where we eat, and of the manner in which our food is served up to us; of the hotels, and chop-houses, and cafés, and tables-d'hôte, and restaurants, and beaneries, and street stands and oyster saloons.

In heaven I believe there will be a good cook in every mansion, and people will eat in their own homes, but I believe it was Dr. Holmes who first discovered that good Americans prefer to go to Paris when they die. Perhaps that is the reason we are getting more and more into French methods of eating. New York is getting to be less and less a city of homes, and year by year our public eating-houses grow more numerous and attract more regular customers. It is cheaper and easier for a single man or woman, or a childless couple to buy meals abroad than it is to maintain a larder and kitchen at home.

Cheapness may or may not be an object. Whether it is or not, you may be suited. They tell a story of a party of miners away up in the Colorado mountains who were telling what they would do when their pile was made. One said he would go straight to Delmonico's in New York and get the best meal money would buy.

"What'll yer git, Jim?" said another, and Jim pondered long before answering; at length he said, with tremendous emphasis:

"Blamed ef I won't have ham an' eggs."

Such soul-withering recklessness as that is naturally very rare, but there are a few people in New York who literally care nothing about the cost of their meals, so that they are suited. For such fortunate beings there are numerous resorts equal if not superior to the famous Delmonico's. In these places obsequious flunkies meet the customers as they enter, relieve them of hats, canes and wraps, and usher them into spacious dining halls decorated and fitted up in the costliest and most beautiful fashion. Tables for two or four guests are spread with the finest, whitest, heaviest of damask, and furnished with costly silver, china and cut glass. Three or four forks and two knives are laid at each plate, and the guest may have all the spoons he wants. There is no limit to the luxury.

At these tables, seated on luxurious cushioned chairs, waited on by well-trained, silent, polite servitors



Hunting a Cheap Dinner.

MUCH the same as other people do, of course. It may be that we are a little more intelligent than anybody else—we like to think so, at all events, and we do not hesitate to claim it—but there is among us the usual proportion of ignorant folk who never learned how to eat. They are

in broadcloth dress-suits and immaculate linen, the epicure may feast on the daintiest food in the world, cooked and served as well as the King of France could have it done. Moreover, an orchestra will discourse the sweetest music for his delectation while he eats, and he will find no charge made in the bill for any of these extras. All he is expected to pay for is the actual food and drink he has ordered, and if he thinks he is not paying for all the rest, the best thing he can do is to seek some retreat where proper care is given to the feeble-minded.

What will he have to pay for all this? That depends on himself. So far as the wine goes, there is of course no reasonable limit. He may indulge himself in the costliest vintages and pay five, eight, or ten dollars a bottle for them, and drink till he has to be assisted to leave the room, if he so desire, but as to the food it will be hard for him to eat more than four or five dollars' worth. The scale of magnificence is such that the house does not expect to clear a profit even on a five-dollar meal. It relies on the wine list for dividends.

Perhaps the hungry man has not enough money to afford all this. Some haven't. Let him not despair, but count up his pennies. If he has eight cents he may get a hearty dinner therewith. He may not sit on cushions and listen to sweet music while a sedate waiter in a swallow-tail ministers to his wants. Oh, no! But he can fill his stomach with hearty, wholesome food, and going out, can confidently tackle the task of accumulating five cents more for his supper.

Let such a man start from the Brooklyn Bridge and go where the greatest crowd is going, namely up Park Row. It was not Park Row until one day an Irish alderman found out somehow that the old street name—Chatham—commemorated historical facts connected



The Epicure Feasts.

with an Englishman. It is not understood how an alderman could have acquired so much information, but the small dose of knowledge was unfortunate, for the fine old name was changed.

The street, however, remains. It is one of the dirtiest, most inconvenient and interesting of all the New York streets, especially to our hungry man who has only eight cents. When he has walked four or five blocks he will find two or three of the cheapest restaurants on earth. The bill-of-fare is painted on signboards outside, and he may study it before entering. Going in, he can get beef-stew, coffee, bread and a plate of pudding, and he will find them all to be solid, honest food, well-cooked, though not daintily prepared nor served. If he has a strong prejudice in favor of napkins and silver forks he will depart with his yearning unsatisfied.

These are only two of the types—the highest and the cheapest, though not the lowest. Between the two are hundreds of other types. New York is cosmopolitan and the people of scores of nationalities are here. Being here they eat, and there are restaurants where they may have such food and such cooking as they had at home. To tell of them all would take many newspaper articles such as this.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

THE CITY GIRL AT THE SEASIDE.

The city girl goes to the seaside for recreation, and incidentally to rope in a wealthy husband. She generally succeeds in securing a young man who is reputed to be worth a mint of money, but who in reality is a little clerk on his week's vacation, and who is also on the lookout for a wealthy partner. It is needless to remark that their surprise on finding out that they have both been deceived is very great, and is somewhat similar to that of the tramp who took a drink from a demi-

john under the impression that it was whisky, only to find, after it is too late, that it was only water!

The drear months of winter are occupied by the city girl in preparing stunning costumes for the seaside, in order, as she tells her dear scheming mamma, to "hit 'em hard." Her bathing costume suggests to the sensible onlooker that she should be hit hard, with a shingle, and put to bed. It is as brief as the reply of a man who is asked to subscribe for the erection of a new church.

It is indeed an amusing sight to see the city girl at the seaside, attired in her best, using all her artificial coyness in a mighty effort to make an impression on a young millionaire, who, in the city, during business hours, puts lather in your mouth and shouts "Next!" in a corner barber shop.

ANOTHER INTERVIEW WITH KEELY, OF MOTOR FAME.

Ingenious Mechanic—Is this Mr. Keely, the inventor?

Keely—That's my name. What can I do for you? Want to buy some stock in the motor?

Not just now. I read in the papers that you have at last completed your motor.

I have, sir. The greatest invention of this or any other age is an accomplished fact. I have discovered my force! But my apparatus is defective.

That is what I have come to see you about. I am an experienced mechanic in the construction of machinery. I think I can make you a perfect machine.

All right; go ahead and do it.

But I must know first what kind of a machine you want.

I want a perfect machine, of course—one that will work perfectly, understand?

Can you give me an idea of it?

Give you an idea of it? Do you suppose I am going around giving away ideas? No, sir. Selling ideas is my business. How much motor stock do you want?

But an idea to work on—

Get your own idea to work on and then bring the machine to me. I'll soon tell you whether it will work or not. What kind of a mechanic are you that you can't get up a machine out of your own head? Now my motor stock is nearly all taken up, but as a special favor I can let you have—

I think I could get up a machine that would suit you if you would explain—

Haven't I explained? Didn't I tell all about it in a recent interview? Now go on and make a machine and don't bother me any further. I am busy to-day trying to determine the relation of a triple revolving siphon to the polarized centre of a rotary vibrating disc, and I can't be bothered any more. But any time you want a little motor stock just drop around.

ALMOST A HINT.

Gentleman Visitor—It seems to me that I have forgotten something.

Lady—Yes, you have forgotten to go home.



A MODERN FABLE.

WIGGINS—I see, Jack, that although the Trees are Leaving, your Winter Clothes are Not.

POOR JACK—No; I am one of the Ever Green, who have no Change in the Spring.



HE WANTED COMPANY.

Another wise, abstemious husband, having been brought home for the first time in a comatose condition, his inexperienced wife sent for a doctor, who having examined the invalid, sent for his pastor. In a short time the clergyman was bending over the couch of the supposed dying man, uttering an earnest prayer, when he (the clergyman) smelt a rat, or rather the aroma of whisky.

PARSON—I think that our friend has already had more spiritual consolation than is good for him.

DOCTOR—Yes, he is drunk.

PARSON—Then, why did you send for me?

DOCTOR—Because, parson, I didn't know that he was only drunk until I got here, and I didn't care to be the only blank fool on this sad occasion.

BED-TIME THOUGHTS.

Dear reader, when you are just getting out of the garments of the day into the snowy robe of the night, do you ever sit down on the side of your couch and honestly own up to yourself what a — fool you are? Mayhaps you have been out to a party, and danced with some mush-headed woman, who reminded you of a turtle reared up on its hind legs, and after that entrancing performance was over you sidled off into the conservatory or into the back hall with some dough-faced old-maid, and looked foolish and made a few random remarks about your heart's delight and your constant, deathless love, and a lot of such bosh, and all the time the word "rats" may have been surging in that tender maiden's soul. And in long years after, when you are tramping over your threadbare carpet and trying to lull a baby that is yelling like a billion sea-gulls, don't you think you may remember the silly things you said, and also softly think "rats"?

Did you ever notice that the people who think they are too respectable to sleep good are wonderfully stuck up because they are respectable, and that the people who are not respectable are glad of it, and wouldn't be respectable under any circumstances? And when you get in a tight pinch and a mortgage is about to be foreclosed on you, isn't it singular how you can always get assistance from a tough old rounder, while you can only get advice and precepts from a moral man?

How do you imagine you look when you are asleep? You may look fairly decent when you are awake and sober, but when you are asleep the chances are that you are so ugly you would scare a mull out of a year's growth. Many girls who are very pretty when they are awake and padded, look like a Chinese stone devil when they are asleep; and when one of them begins to snore the guardian angels go on a strike.

Have a little quiet chat with yourself while you are sitting on the side of your bed, and be honest with yourself. If you are a girl, own up that the chief ambition of your life is to get married, and just whisper to yourself that, if the man has plenty of money, you can shut your eyes to the fact that he is hardly tender enough to

tear under the wings. If you are a young man, own up to yourself, just for once, that you are not quite so smart as "the old man," and that lots of people you make fun of forget more every night while you are sleeping than you ever knew.

If you are a business man who advertises in a small way, confess to yourself that the principal reason you advertise is to see your name in print. Some wise man

said this of advertisers, and he knew what he was talking about.

If you are the editor of some little Jim Crow paper, own up that you think the town would soon go to everlasting smash if it wasn't for the masterly way in which you mold public opinion.

If you are a writer of amateur stories or poems, own up that you think your productions knock the hose off anything ever written, if the fool public only had discernment enough to appreciate you. If you are a preacher, own up that you give your "dearly beloved" whole vats of taffy and think you are smart for doing it. In fact, whatever you are, dear reader, own up to yourself just this once, that if real genuine fools were in demand you would bring a good price. But don't be in the least discouraged just because you are a fool; just think of Lawrence Barrett and Edgar Saltus; and remember that we are all with you and that it is not your fault if you are not different from the rest of mankind.

V. Z. REED.

THE PHOTOGRAPH CRAZE.

There is a period in almost every man's life when he is seized with an insane desire to have his photograph taken. This desire is sometimes started by friends asking for a photograph of yourself, but in most cases vanity is the real cause. For a few weeks before, the photograph crank will stand in front of a mirror before he retires at night, and practice the expressions he will assume when he has his photograph taken; he accumulates all the circulars of photographers' studios he can lay his hands on, and finally goes to a studio to have his picture taken.

The photographer tells him to look pleasant, etc., and the expression which he has practiced for weeks is entirely forgotten. He finds it a very difficult undertaking to look cheerful by gazing into space. Then then there is a wait of another month before he receives the prints, by which time the craze has subsided.

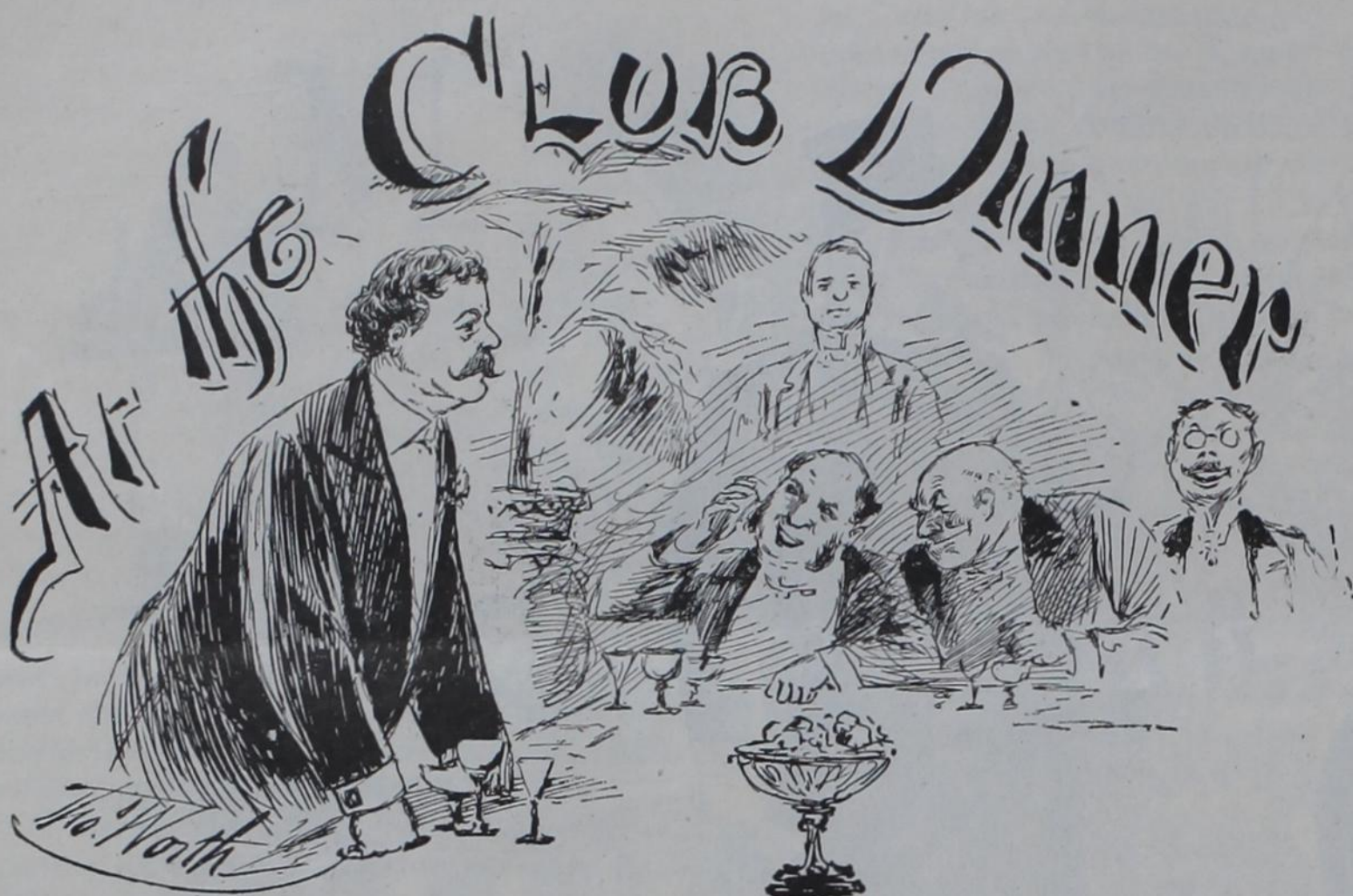
A WOMAN is an adept at the art of scratching—has it at her fingers' ends, as it were.



THE HABIT JUSTIFIED.

PARROTT—Tell me, Grafton, why do you always wear a single eye-glass?

GRAFTON—Well, to tell you the truth, old fellow, it's to conceal my glass eye.



Toast Master (rapping on the table)—The hour has arrived, gentlemen of the Windup Club, for beginning the intellectual exercises of the evening. We have done full justice to the viands that have been set before us on this attractive bill of fare, and I hope that the speeches will be—

Voice—Short.

Toast Master—Equally well received. (Turning severely on the man who interrupted him.) I trust there will be no interruptions except—

Same Voice—To drink.

Toast Master (angrily to his tormentor)—If drink be an interruption, how full of interruptions your life must have been. (Wild applause.) The first toast, gentlemen, is "The Windup Club," and I call upon Colonel Windup, one of its original founders, to respond.

Colonel Windup (assuming a hurt expression of countenance)—I was promised, gentlemen, that if I attended the banquet to-night I would not be called upon to make a speech, but I have never yet flinched from duty, and I shall not upon this occasion. When I was serving in the war (smiles from those who knew the Colonel never was in any war), I always responded to the bugle call—

Voice—To take something.

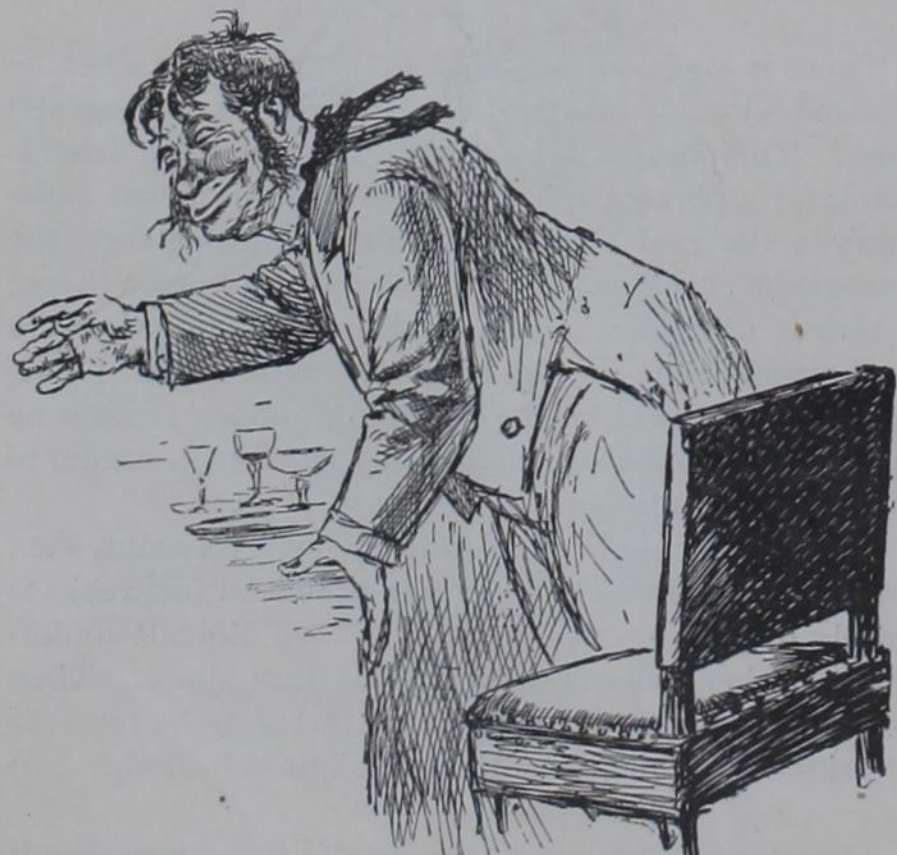
Col. Windup (with dignity)—Sir, I *will* take something. (He drinks, amid tumultuous cheers.) Mr. Chairman, before this club was organized we were—that is to say, we had—or rather, there wasn't any club of this name. (Hear! Hear!) How is it now? Why, now the Windup Club is known wherever the English language or an English ship is spoken. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Gentlemen, there are so many toasts on the list and I see so many eloquent gentlemen awaiting their turn to be called, that I feel that I really must—

Voice—*Windup!*

The members proceed to give the Club yell—"Up! up! up! wind—find—three of a kind—wind—r-r-r—up! Pup! Whisk—Bang!!!"

Toast Master—Gentlemen, the next regular toast is, "Our Absent Guests," and as I see one of them sitting at the table, I call upon him to respond.

An Absent Guest (getting upon his feet with some difficulty)—Misser Pres'nt an' Gentl'en: Ever since 'ceiving your kin' (hic) invita-tion I 'spected to be abshent from thith bankit; 'spected it 's much 's I



The Absent Guest at the Banquet.

deserted. Gentl'men, I shank you! (He sits down on the toast master's knee, and has to be helped up stairs to bed.)

Toast Master—I take peculiar pleasure in announcing the next toast, gentlemen, because the response will be given by one whom you all know and admire—

Voice—The bartender?

Toast Master (not heeding the interruption)—The toast is, "The Ladies," and I call upon our young and accomplished friend, Major Loving, to respond. The Major has long been a devoted slave to the fair sex, among whom he is a general and acknowledged favorite.

[Cries of, "Loving! Major Loving!"]

As there is no response the Chairman asks, "Is Major Loving present?"



The Young Man who Responds to the Toast, 'The Ladies.'

"He is not," said a grave member, rising to his feet, "but he has left this note:"

The toast master takes the note and reads:

"CHAIRMAN WINDUP CLUB DINNER—DEAR SIR:—I cannot respond to 'The Ladies' at the banquet to-night, as I am suddenly called out of town to respond in a suit for breach of promise.

"LOVING."

Following the reading of this were mingled groans and cheers for Loving.

Toast Master—We come now, gentlemen of the Windup Club, to the last toast of the evening, which will wind up these exercises, "The Press," and I call upon our friend J. Adolphus Penscrach to respond in his usual felicitous manner.

Cries of "Penscrach! Penscrach!"

No response from Penscrach.

Toast Master—Does anybody know where Penscrach is?

"Yes," replies a man near the door, "he is in jail. He is one of the ablest reporters we have, but he was caught hiding in the Grand Jury room to secure advance information for his paper, and has been incarcerated by a stern and unappreciative judge."

Banquet closed by all joining hands and singing,

"Shall auld acquaintance be forgot."

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

When a man holds four kings, that is about the time the other fellow doesn't show any grim-aces.

TWO EVANGELS.

I went to hear a pair of evangelists the other day, in the little church which I attend in my country home. They were just too sweet for anything. He was dressed in perfect taste. She wore the very style of dress best calculated to upset the serenity of every woman in the congregation not able to purchase one, and she did all the singing. It was well done, too. There were movements, and trills, and modulations, and crescendos unknown to our village choir. But as I recognized her finished art and listened to the tremulous quavers of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," it somehow failed to bring me nearer.

Then the male evangel stepped to the front and began to talk in sweetest voice about the Ark. He seemed to be the inventor of some new kind of ark, and wanted everybody to "come in." He pictured the horrors of the deluge, the faith of Noah which enabled him to peg along at the work one hundred and twenty years, without laying off for a holiday or taking a Saturday afternoon to himself, until the first shower set in. Then the speaker called attention to the grand caravan of animals, marching two abreast and taking the places assigned them in the Ark.

I am not sure that there was another one in the audience who was so wicked as to wonder how Noah caught mates so readily, and how he could make them march so quietly, without the inspiring music of a circus band. I don't believe there is a monkey now living that would behave as well. There isn't a hog that wouldn't take one good root as he walked, Ark or no Ark. Then I wondered how Noah was able to carry enough hay to feed two grown up elephants forty days, when it takes a boat load to supply one elephant a week.

At the close of that evangelist's remarks I had made up my mind to keep out of his ark at all hazards. I think there were others equally tired of his endless repetitions, and hungry for the living truths needed for to-day. Why do Gospel teachers harp forever on the dead past? Men and women were worse in those days than they are now. We want a religion suited to the wants of to-day, and cannot possibly be coaxed into any old and musty ark. If it was too small in Noah's time it cannot begin to answer the purpose now. When an evangelist with a lisp and a suit of clothes of the latest cut, beseeches a poor, shipwrecked soul to "come into the ark before it is everlastingly too late," that soul, seeing the sham, feels like saying, "Go on with your old boat; it isn't so much of a shower, after all."

DELPHA.

TALMAGE'S TEXAS RIVAL.

There is an old negro in Austin, Texas, named Uncle Nace, who is a regular attendant at the church of the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter. Meeting his pastor the other day, the latter said:

"You seems to enjoy my sermons mightily, Uncle Nace, considering you am so hard ob hearin'," shouted the clergyman.

Uncle Nace nodded understandingly.

"Kin yer heah me when I preaches?" bellowed the colored prelate in Uncle Nace's ear.

The old man shook his head.

"Whaffor den does yer come ter de church?" howled Baxter.

"Bekase hit 'muses me ter see you cut up dem monkey shines and saw de air wid yer arms."

The New York Central Railroad Company wants to bridge the Harlem instead of tunneling it, and thereby abridge the usefulness of the river as a ship canal. Harlem protests vigorously.



The Man who was to Respond to "The Press."



To court, and chargeth him with crimes
Of divers kinds, and getteth him sent up.

With joys and duties such as these, the days
Flow on, each making this majestic man
Still more majestic, till his greatness doth
O'erflow itself, and he doth stand in slops.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

ANOTHER TUNE ENTIRELY.

Stone Cutter—Would you like the words, "We will meet again," engraved on you husband's tombstone?

Widow—For heaven's sake, no! What you want to put on that stone is, "Rest in Peace!"

ASKING TOO MUCH.

Lady—I can't stand this any more. You have a different soldier here in the kitchen every week.

Servant—That's not my fault. In a house where the table is as poor as it is in this, you can't expect the same soldier to stand it more than a week.

HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE NEEDED.

Parent—You wish to marry my daughter?

Suitor—Yes, sir, that is the object of my visit.

What means of support have you?

I have no actual cash, but I have something very profitable in view.

Then what you need is not a wife, so much as a spy-glass.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

Proprietor—I want you to run the business for a time, while I take your place and tend bar.

Bar-tender—Why do you want to change places with me?

Because I want to get a little of the money that is being made by this concern.

A COMPLIMENTARY BOSS.

Boss—You are the laziest clerk in the office. I am afraid the rest of the clerks will become contaminated.

Clerk—I have been writing steadily for the last three hours.

I've no doubt of it. You were simply too lazy to stop.

HORRIBLE SELFISHNESS.

A.—Who was that elegant gentleman with whom you were talking yesterday?

B.—He is a wealthy young man from Boston. He seems to be very much of a gentleman. I wish you would give me the pleasure of an introduction to him.

Not much. I'm going to try and borrow some money from him myself.

HARD TO PLEASE.

Servant—I come to give notice that I am going to quit.

Mistress—What is there about this place that you don't like?

Servant—Your husband.

EASY ON THE DOG.

Old Hunter—Is your dog a good retriever?

Amateur—No, he is very poor at it.

Old Hunter—Then he is just the kind of a dog you need, as you rarely ever shoot anything.

NOT CONFIDENT AT ALL.

Lady—Why did you leave your last place?

Applicant—Madame, you have too much curiosity. I didn't ask you why your last cook left you.

MEDICAL ITEM.

A.—How are you coming on? Have you many patients?

B.—No, indeed. I feel very much discouraged!

What do you suppose is the matter?

I've no idea, unless it is because a health epidemic has broken out in our midst.

HIGH TIME.

Mrs. Meyer—Look at old Mrs. Boney. This is the first time I ever saw her at a ball in a high-necked dress.

Mrs. Schmidt—Well, it's high time she drew a veil over the past.

HIS PREFERENCE.

Father—If you don't listen to me when I am talking to you I'll give you a thrashing you will never forget.

Son—All right. I'll take the thrashing in preference to listening to your sermons.

NEW QUESTIONS FOR THE CENSUS-TAKER.

We suggest the following additional questions for the census enumerator:

What was your age when born?

How long do you expect to live?

Was your grandfather cross-eyed?

Has your sister got a beau?

Have you ingrowing toe nails, and what do you consider them worth?



"He taketh fragile women round the waist."

Can you see a hole through a ladder without spectacles?

What are your views about the tariff?

How many of your back teeth are plugged?

Are wooden legs hereditary in your family?

Have you ever been in the workhouse?

Do you consider baldness catching?

Have you a running account at any bar?

How much do you owe your washerwoman?

Do you limp in either eye?

Do you believe in the doctrine of election.

State whether it be the city or state election?

Are you an orphan? If so, do you live with your parents?

Are your clothes paid for?

Do you smoke?

Do you make others smoke?

How many foolish questions are you asked in the course of a day?

Were you ever in love, and how much?

Do you eat pie?

Did you ever pay a debt unless compelled to?

Do you wear a wig?

How do you stand on infant damnation?

Is marriage a failure with you as far as you have got?

What is your opinion of the idiots who compiled the census questions this year?

If Tim Keefe plays against the Baltimoreans this season they will try to ball-Tim-o'er.



"Anon he deftly beateth a devil's tattoo Upon the soles of some unhappy wretch."

THE DEADLY HAT RACK.



NE DAY LAST week while sitting in my room thinking idle thoughts and sipping ice-water, I was startled by an unusual noise in the house next to mine, which is occupied by a man named Jackson, who uses it as a boarding-house. By holding my ear to the wall (which I confess was not the proper thing to do under ordinary circumstances, but the disturbance became so violent that I was warranted in so doing), I could hear dull thuds, interspersed with such remarks as "Take

that! Ugh! Leggo my hair! Take your finger out of my eye!" etc. Directly a servant rushed out and returned with a policeman, who took off two men who looked as though they had been struck by a street-car.

As I knew Jackson intimately, and as I have a large amount of curiosity secreted in my composition, I went over to see him and find out all about the row. The servant at the door who took my card up to him informed me that Mr. Jackson was in bed, and it was doubtful whether he would see me.

I was finally told to come up, and hanging my hat and coat on a hat rack in the hall, followed the servant upstairs, where I found Jackson propped up in bed, his head bandaged up, his arm in a sling, and both eyes in deep mourning.

"How did it happen?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Oh, what tough luck," he moaned. "You know what a large number of boarders I had. Well, they're all gone now. Look at that right eye, please, and tell me whether you think I will ever be able to use it as an organ of sight again?"

"It looks pretty bad, but I guess it will come around all right in time. What caused the fuss?"

"A measly little hat rack."

"A hat rack!"

"Yes. About a month ago my wife—pour a little arnica on that bandage for me, will you?—about a month ago my wife bought a hat rack and put it in the hall. O, why did she do it! why did she do it!" he moaned piteously.

I was about to remark that she probably did it to make the hall look more hattractive, but a wee, small

voice within me whispered not to—that the man was miserable enough already.

"At first it was a good, serviceable hat rack, but after a week or two the pegs acquired a downward slant. If a person walked through the hall four or five hats would slide off, and if he tried to put them back three or four overcoats would glide rapidly in the direction of the floor. The rack seemed human, it was so malicious. The pegs seemed to be greased."

"But it didn't black your eyes, and lay you up, did it?" I asked impatiently.

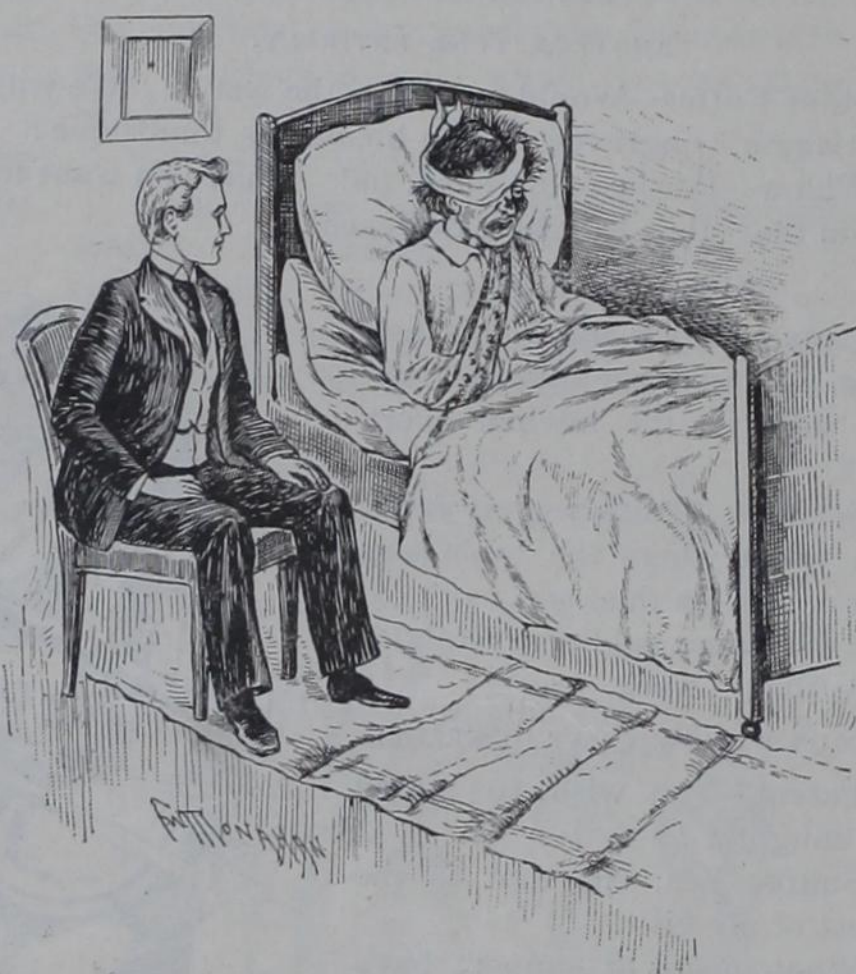
"Oh, have a little patience, will you? Just take another look at that right eye, and see if you think it has improved. Well, when the boarders came in to dinner they would put their hats and coats on that hat rack. The racket you heard was caused by that infernal—Jerusalem, how that arm hurts! How long does it take to heal a broken arm?"

"O, I don't know. Go on with the story."

"After dinner two of the boarders—Guggenheimer and Flynn—went to get their coats and hats. Now, there is bad blood between those chumps, all on account of both of them being sweet on my daughter Maria."

"At last I will hear the story," I murmured.

"Well, when Guggenheimer reached out for his hat, that fiendish hat rack slid four others to the floor. He replaced them all but Flynn's, and simultaneously the



Jackson was in bed.

lower row of pegs shed all the coats that were hanging there."

"Pick that hat oop, dom quick," said Flynn, pointing to his hat on the floor.

"Who peeks it up?" said Guggenheimer; "you'd better call the servant to peek it up." Guggenheimer was about to walk away, when Flynn hit him a twister in the jaw. In less time than it takes to tell it fourteen upper cuts and twenty-two body blows were delivered, and as I rushed in to separate them, every blow landed on me."

"Good gracious!"

"As the hall was dark, and it was just my luck to have them mistake me for each other, and as I had tripped over the fallen overcoats, they were making short work of me, when the servant entered with a policeman."

"Too bad."

"Just shift that splint a little, and don't sit on the end of the bed. My ankle is out of joint. Flynn stepped on it when I was down. As soon as I get my arm out of a sling I am going to chop that measly, dod-gasted hat rack into splinters, and if I ever get any more boarders, I am going to have a hook similar to the ones used in butcher stalls, with the boarder's name above. I am thinking seriously of having a gas-jet over each hook, which will be kept burning constantly. Going?"

"Yes."

"Before you go, just hand me that bottle of medicine. Thanks."

When I reached the hall I found my hat and coat on the floor, where

they had been deposited by that infernal hat rack.

LEWIS M. SWEET.

A TRUE TALE.

One morning I deserted the sacred precincts of my library for an inviting niche at my basement window. Volume in hand, I proceeded to read of the glory of this Republic, but ere I had finished a page the following incidents occurred:

The butcher called and made a remark about the weather.

The grocer appeared and asked me if the "lady of the house" would like to examine some nice grapes he had just received.

A gentleman entered and asked for Mr. Brown, although Mr. Brown lives "next door," where he has his name in big black letters on a silver plate.

A ragged individual came and asked for alms. I gave him a penny, for my heart is full of melting charity.

I was getting rather feverish from these frequent interruptions, but I thought there was some chance for peace, so I remained at my post.

In a moment an itinerant merchant appeared with a tray, and so persistent was he in his blandishments that I purchased something I did not want, just to get rid of him.

Then an "old clothes" man paid me his respects, declaring in most eloquent rhetoric that he paid the highest prices for discarded coats, pantaloons, shoes and hats.

Thereafter a messenger from my tailor appeared with a little bill. By that time I had grown somewhat desperate, so I left him to his fate, and sped upstairs with the speed of a cyclone.

I tell you, when a man sits down to read a volume of the Congressional Record, he wants to be let alone.

NATHAN M. LEVY.

A "FULL" PUGH.

The late Thomas Buchanan Read was a gentleman of infinite wit. A banquet at the Burnet House, Cincinnati, in 1862, at which a hundred prominent people were at table, numbered Read and Hon. George Pugh among the guests. Late in the evening, at that stage of banqueting when the happiest things are said, Pugh addressed Read familiarly:

"Buch, my old friend, you are too good a man to be a Republican; you ought to join the Democratic church."

"That may be true, George," replied Read, "but there is only one Pugh in that church, and that is always full."

The audible smile which greeted this retort did not subside for ten minutes.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

A Brooklyn society lady laced so tight, in order to overcome her tendency to flesh, that she displaced her heart. This just lays over anything on record.

It is said that the song "Where did you get that hat" will be the cause of the discontinuance of processions on St. Patrick's Day.

A COLORED CYNIC.

Matilda Snowball—I say, Uncle Mose, whut does yer think ob my new Spring suit?

Uncle Mose—Folks whut puts on all de cloes dey kin git puts me in mind of a sweet pertater patch dat's all gone ter vine.

As TIME is money, many men seem to think that an hour spent in church will pay the interest on six full days of sin.



"Bred Upon the Waters."



As I rushed in to separate them, every blow landed on me!



EDUCATIONAL.

LITTLE ISAAC—Popper, vot for you have dose three balls ofer der frondt door?

LOWENSTEIN—Oh, dot vas for der benefit of dose who couldn't read; it shows vot my inderest is efery month!

THE TWO SYSTEMS.

The Chinese have some peculiar notions about civil service reform. Incapacity, negligence or fraud in a public functionary are almost unknown, owing to the promptness with which offenders are reprimanded. How lazy state officials, are treated in China can be ascertained from the letter of a correspondent of an English paper. According to this well-posted correspondent, a high Chinese official, who had constitutional scruples against anything like hard work, was urged to send in his resignation, but immediately afterward was publically reprimanded. It is not stated how he was reprimanded, but the inference is that the remonstrance was imparted with an ax; in other words, he was beheaded. Some people will consider that such a reprimand, instead of making an official more active is calculated to take all the animation, energy and life out of him.

Now, with us, all high state officials have their deputies to attend to the duties of the office, hence, the officials themselves are not expected to exert themselves in the line of official duty; but it is not to be supposed that the official is expected to be idle. He is supposed to work hard for the party. If he shows any lack of zeal in working for the party he is apt to be reprimanded after the Chinese method. His head comes off, not his physical head, but his official head, which decapitation hurts a great deal more.

If the Chinese system and the American system could be blended, the result could not help being beneficial. What we mean is this: When a public official is lazy or negligent in the discharge of his official duty, he should be deprived of his official head, and when he is caught working for the party, then his real physical head should come off. This may seem to be a little hard, perhaps, but after a few heads, official and otherwise had dropped off into the basket, the rest would know what to expect, and be guided thereby.

owner, who is loudly asserting that the brute never did seem to thrive, no matter what was done for him: "Did you ever try corn and kind treatment?"

A.—Jones is a pessimist. He says he has nothing to live for.

B.—Yes, I know he talks that way, but when he is sick he sends for a doctor as quick as any other man.



A SHAKY REPLY.

MRS. GUZZLETON (I A. M.)—I'd like to know where you've been loafing until this unearthly hour?

MR. GUZZLETON—Well, to tell ze (hic) troof, I've been shakin' zer boys for zer cigars.

MRS. GUZZLETON—H'm! And to-morrow I suppose you'll wake up shaking for a drink!

THE IRISH QUESTION.

English statesmen and editors try to make it appear that they cannot understand the real cause of destitution in Ireland. This ignorance of the English on the Irish question is only equaled by that of an old quack doctor who had been treating a child for some time, and finally discovered it to be in a dying condition.

"I never thought the poor child would die of croup," said the distressed mother.

"Humph!" said the quack, "why didn't you tell me the child had croup? That's the first I've heard of it."

The English have been dosing Ireland for seven centuries, and it is time they found out what was the matter. Our own opinion is that Ireland has been bled too much, and has not had quite enough to eat.

Changing the simile, the condition of Ireland reminds us of a poor dray horse that has yielded to bad treatment and starvation. A crowd gathers around the prostrate animal, and everybody proceeds to make suggestions. One fellow thinks that twisting the animal's tail or sitting on his head will restore him to his original health and vigor. Another asserts that a liberal application of the lash will cause the famished steed to renew his youth like an eagle. After everybody has had his say, a quiet old farmer takes a good look at the emaciated framework of what once was a horse, and then asks the exasperated

IT WAS DIFFERENT.

Old Coupons (in his office)—What an outrage it is to drive the poor old blind newsman out of the Fulton Ferry, where he has sold papers for fifty years.

Confidential Clerk—That's so. The avarice of these grasping corporations is positively disgusting.

Old Coupons (looking out of the window)—There's that lame banana peddler in front of our building again. John (to the office boy), go down and tell the policeman to drive him off!

THE BEGUM'S SON-IN-LAW.

Friend (to ex-missionary)—I heard that while you were in India you married the daughter of a Begum.

Ex-Missionary—Yes, I did.

And in order to do it you had to adopt her religion.

That's a fact.

But afterwards you were reconverted to Christianity. How did that come about?

Well, the fact is, that woman would reconvert anybody. She would, Begum!

CIGARETTE SMOKING.

Sir Morell Mackenzie says that cigarette smoking is far more noxious than the use of tobacco in any other form; that cigarette smokers are always in a state of narcotic poisoning, and, though the process be slow, there can be little doubt that it is sure.

But this is all wasted on the cigarette smoker. You can take a cigarette smoker aside, whisper a column or two of this authentic information in his left ear, and it will have no effect on him. You might just as well try to break Patti of the habit of giving farewell concerts. It not only impairs a young man's usefulness in life, but it also keeps him on the keen jump to acquire sufficient wealth to keep him in cigarettes and breath perfumers. It not only kills the body, but it frequently kills what little good opinion his friends may have had for him.

The only redeeming feature of cigarette smoking is the fact that it tends to cause congestion of the throat, and when this condition becomes chronic it leads to the complete loss of the voice. A cigarette smoker who cannot speak is not liable to get to the windward of you with his athletic, nicotine-laden breath.

Two Irishmen shipwrecked on a barren island. "What shall we do, Pat?" "Well, Denny, let's organize a saycret Irish league."



DOCTOR VOMER'S LOVE STORY.

BY J. D. MILLIGAN.



REAT and wise was the old Chinaman, who long, long ago, broached the idea that a pig could be roasted by some other fire than that of a burning cottage, and like other innovators, was heartily jeered and laughed at, until he proved that his supposition was possible; so I, a young man of fashion and fortune, tired of the demands and

treatment of society; of the intrigues of impecunious mammas and their ingenious (I almost wrote it ingenious) daughters, and the totally uncalled for interferences of Mrs. Grundy in all that suited or did not suit that ubiquitous *grande dame*; maintained and put into practice the possibility of securing health and enjoyment in the woods, far away from the world and its carping cares and snobbishness.

It was heresy in the eyes of my fashionable acquaintances to descend to so commonplace, if not absolutely vulgar a method of spending one's vacation, especially when one had the means to dissipate at Newport, Bar Harbor, or Saratoga; but I fairly loathed the idea of once more running the gauntlet of the myriads of eligible young ladies who marketed their charms at one or all the watering places; expecting much attention at the hands of their gentlemen friends, who, if they are at all susceptible are brought to the sirene's feet, humble suppliants for that which the darlings are more than anxious to bestow, namely, their hand in marriage; for it is notorious that nine out of ten now marry because of the fascination of a pretty face; and, a girl! well, she generally marries to satisfy a longing for married life, and because she imagines that her lover will forever remain a slave.

Now I was not a misogynist, yet it was with a feeling of pleasure that I found myself snugly installed in camp beside a lake in the northern part of Maine. My sole companion was a darkey boy named Zeb, who acted as cook, etc., a quiet lad whose only fault was a penchant for soliloquy.

After I had been ensconced a week, Zeb returned to camp with a string of trout, and approaching me, said: "Doctor, dere's annuder camp 'bout two miles up the crick dere; gen'leman, lady, an' young gel; monstous fine gel."

"Yes, when did they arrive, Zeb?"

"Got yere yeste'day," replied my dusky satellite, "and tawk of debbil, dere dey am for er fact."

And sure enough my neighbors had come to see me, with a desire to make my acquaintance.

"Doctor Vomer," said the gentlemen, with a bow, "you must excuse our informality, but I knew your father very well, so do not feel quite a stranger to you. My name is Lovejoy, Simon Lovejoy of Portland."

"You are welcome, Mr. Lovejoy, heartily so; I am more than pleased to know that I have neighbors," said I, looking toward the ladies who had lingered behind.

Very shortly we were all seated under the awning of my tent, discussing camp-life, the scenery, etc., and making arrangements for the future. Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy were genial, pleasant, albeit old-fashioned people; were intensely proud of their old name and family; but their sole object in living seemed to be their affection and care for their daughter Catherine, whom they fairly worshiped, and, indeed, she was every way worthy of her parents' love.

Kitty, as she was called, was about nineteen; had received a thorough education, which her retentive mind had grasped almost intuitively; and the few sentences that fell from her pretty lips assured me that she was a sensible, unaffected young lady; one, in fact, who could please without calling to her aid artful poses or cheeky flippancy.

She was about five feet two inches tall—beauty's standard if we accept the Venus of Canova as a criterion. Her form was slightly but elegantly moulded, and nothing could surpass the symmetrical grace and beauty of her neck and shoulders, and the moulded roundness of her arms, which, betrayed by the tight sleeves of her blue flannel dress, exposed themselves at the wrists adorned with simple gold bands for bracelets. Her hands were small, delicately finished by tapering fingers unadorned with rings; and her feet, although shod with servicable shoes, were the most captivating little members my critical eyes ever rested upon. Her face, sweet and charming, like that of Lady Hamilton, was beautiful; and her eyes, a lovely gray, were full

of intelligence, yet they lacked one thing, and that was, no man had yet caused their pensive depths to melt with tenderest love. "When that was consummated," I thought, "Miss Kitty will be perfect."

Each day found me a visitor at the Lovejoy camp, and of course, Miss Lovejoy and I were constantly together. We had only one spat the first time I went there, relative to the beauty of an enormous pine tree that leaned toward their roughly-built cottage. I maintained it a nuisance, as it menaced their safety, while Miss Kitty could see nothing but a romantic beauty in its angle and height.

On the fifth day of our acquaintance we had been fishing all morning, and were tired, at least my fair companion admitted as much, and I perjured myself to keep her company. Our conversation, as we rested on a fallen leviathan of the forest, was of love. Kitty spoke, "Love, doctor, in most cases, I fancy, is a misnomer. The woman who really loves submits to a total abnegation of self, possessing but one will—his to whom she has given herself. It must be sweet to yield to it; to call that man 'lord and master,' to feel one's pulses throb at his caress; to humble one's self and to feel one's self his slave, not in a debasing sense, but relying on his honor, his affection, his strength and manly courage."

"Where is the man worth all that devotion?" I said. "And yet, Miss Kitty, your ideal may live."

"Not an ideal, doctor, in the sense you mean. I would guarantee there are thousands who could and would get married if the women they met were sensible and true to themselves. The rapidity and shallowness of most girls, their desire to attract, and the mean advantages taken of the generosity of would-be admirers, is quite enough in my mind to account for the cheapness with which we are held by the really worthy. I believe in marriage; marriage even without love, providing the couple taking on the obligation have respect for each other, for, in my belief, the respect will be more sincere and lasting than the passion induced by a pretty face, pleasant manners, or whatever proves the attraction. Don't mistake me," said the charming girl, blushing deeply at my ardent, yet respectful gaze on her animated and lovely face. "Don't mistake me! I never had a lover, so perhaps am not a competent judge, and yet"—

"And yet, Miss Kitty, I must say—and I say it with all due respect—that you are too severe on your own sex. Like yourself, I have never been in love!"

"Now, doctor, don't jeopardize your usually truthful character by making any statement like that. Never been in love and you twenty-eight years old? Impossible!" she said, archly.

"I am corrected, Miss Kitty, I admit of having been hard hit once, and only once; sometime I may tell you with whom, but just now it will be sufficient to state that my idea of love is somewhat similar to your own. A *marriage de convenance*, or for position, or for anything else than pure, simple, unadulterated affection, is my abhorrence, though, as you say, in some instances, respect could be relied upon to take its place, but in few instances would it succeed. No, love, nothing but honest, undivided and unselfish love will suit me."

"I am a romantic girl, as most girls are; each one of us has an ideal, though I must admit, few secure all they would desire. But it must be near dinner time, to step from the sublime to the ridiculous at a bound."

"Say, rather, from the ethereal to the practical."

"Or the poetic to the prosaic," added my fair and pretty friend. "Do you know, doctor, I think our camp is much prettier than yours, despite your snow-white tents."

"It would be, but for that big tree so much out of the perpendicular. I never see it but I conjecture its fall."

"You want another quarrel on your hands, I see; now don't mar this perfect day by making me cross. I love that grand, noble old tree, and you, sir, should respect its age, if nothing else. Yes, mamma, we have caught a nice lot of trout." The latter in answer to her mother's question as to our success, which, somehow or other, she looked upon as doubtful.

That evening, as I sat beside the lake, enjoying a good smoke before going to bed, I realized that I was in love with Kitty Lovejoy—deeply, sincerely, irrevocably in love; and as the smoke, in azure clouds, curled above my head I conjured up, peeping out of each curl, the face of a score or more fair girls I had known or still knew. As their features blended with the disappearing wreaths, passing in review before my eyes of retrospection, I incontinently rejected each, and passed judgment upon it as it was wafted away and lost in the ambient air.

Somehow the sweet face of Kitty seemed to linger in the cloud that curled from the lighted end of my cigar; her beautiful gray eyes seemed to peer with anxious gaze into mine, as if to fathom my thoughts; and finally a pensive expression—as if she was comparing me with other men of her acquaintance—appeared on her face, giving place to a calm, satisfied look, as if assured I was all her fancy exacted.

Before morning a terrific thunderstorm swept over our district, and from the beginning I was uneasy. Why, I know not; yet a sense of disaster, a feeling of some pending or effected calamity kept me awake. Suddenly, I thought of the leaning pine tree and the peril my friends, the Lovejoys, would be, were in. I was up and dressed in a minute, and, lighting my lantern, walked with as much haste as I could along the well-known path to their camp. Alas! my fears were realized, for the tree had fallen on the slimsy cottage, though how the inmates had fared I hardly dared conjecture. Still, my services might be needed, so I hastened to the ruin, pushed my light within the walls, and was gratified to hear Mr. Lovejoy's voice: "Is that you, Doctor?"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "Are you hurt? Your wife? Kitty?"

"My wife and I are unhurt, beyond a few bruises. We are buried, though, under the roof. Look, for God's sake, and see how my daughter has fared! I cannot make her hear me."

In a minute I was in Kitty's room, and found her unconscious. A large board had fallen on her head, making an ugly bruise; while another had hit her on the bridge of the nose, and caused both eyes to be blackened with as disreputable a color as ever disfigured a prize-fighter's. I brought her back to the world and to me by rubbing her hands, sprinkling water on her face, putting a few drops of brandy between her lips, and, at last, did what was the next best thing to do—I raised her in my arms and kissed her pallid lips.

Her eyes opened, rested on me vaguely, as though I was but the continuation of a dream; then, realizing that something was wrong, she raised her hands to her aching head, passed them over her swollen eyes and bruised face. I stood beside her couch, utterly incapable of touching her, but I spoke.

"Miss Kitty, are you in much pain?"

Again she turned her eyes on me, and said: "Dr. Vomer, by what right are you here?"

In a few words I explained the situation, bade her be quiet until her mother could come to her, and then went to the relief of Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy, after going to the cook-house and waking the old servant, who had slept through the roar of the tempest and the crash of the fallen giant.

The old folks were soon relieved and arrangements made to take them to my camp. Kitty was up and partly dressed, but was so dizzy that walking for her was impossible, so it was settled that her father and I should carry her. It is needless to say that, once in my arms, Mr. Lovejoy never was requested to relieve me, and I carried her all the way to my camp. On our way we held a conversation, commencing, at first with remonstrances by my patient, and ending with the following:

"Now, Kitty—I may call you Kitty, may I not," I said.

"Yes; it is hardly right to permit you, but I am too giddy to refuse."

"Well, Kitty dear"—I felt my darling start at the expression, but went on—"that old tree, I think, has been my best friend, for he has hastened an avowal that I did not think to make for a long time to come. I have known you three whole weeks; weeks pregnant of much that has settled my future, affording me an insight into your character that months of acquaintance in town could not furnish. In fact—in fact—" My darling raised her head, and looked me in the eyes steadily. I clasped her closer to my breast, and said: "Kitty, my darling Kitty, I have loved you from the very first minute I saw you. You are everything that is sweet in woman to me. Tell me, do you love me? Ah!" I cried, as she placed her soft cheek against my bearded face; and, looking into her eyes, bruised and discolored as was the tissue surrounding them, I saw a glad, half-shy admission that I was beloved.

"She put her lovely arms about my neck and whispered: 'Gerald, you love me—you are sure, sure?'"

"Look into my eyes, Kitty; read the truth there. Nay," I smiled, gently raising her head, "you shall look up, and if you are still skeptical, I will kiss all

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made, whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

doubt from your lips, for in your heart you are certain of my love."

Suiting the action to the word, I rained kiss after kiss on her pretty mouth, and, as lip met lip, our very souls seemed to join in ecstatic bliss.

"Gerald, Gerald," my sweetheart murmured. "Is it true? Is it not a dream?"

"No, my darling. No dream could approach the magnitude of our feelings. Words, even, are too bald and cold to express our love."

"Oh, how glad I am! Gerald, the first time I saw you I knew that I was going to love you."

"And yet, sweetheart, you never gave a sign."

"Yes," continued Kitty, "I said to myself, 'My ideal of a man. I know I shall love him. He is the only man I shall ever marry.' Then came the horrid thought, 'Supposing he will never love me!—will hate me,' and that night I cried myself to sleep. Was it unmaidenly?" my sweet love said, naively and artlessly.

"No, my angel. If there is anything that elevates us, it is our pure unselfish love, a God-given attribute that is of heaven, where all is love. Some there are who would sneer at and deprecate your admission; but of that number I am none. Rest content, dear, you have made me regard you with deeper affection, if that were possible."

"What a curious betrothal, Gerald. Poor me with a broken head, blackened eyes, and being carried by the one who is making love to me. Surely, such a curious time, so dilapidated a heroine, so heavily burdened a lover, never happened before," said Kitty merrily.

"And yet, sweet Kitty, I would not change situations with any living man. We are near my camp. Have you not one kiss for me before we present ourselves to the others? Remember, dear, we are not to tell your parents until tomorrow; they have enough to burden their minds for this day, at least."

"Yes, Gerald," and drawing my head down to hers, my love kissed me.

Mr. Lovejoy was happy when he heard of my love for his daughter, and her love for me, but his wife shook her head, and said, "Too sudden. It won't last."

"Nonsense!" said Papa Lovejoy; "take your own case, my dear," though what that case was neither attempted to disclose; but it was evident that the memory of it was overpowering, for Kitty and I heard no more misgivings on the mother's part.

That morning I overheard Zeb soliloquizing. "Doctor brung Miss Kitty ter his camp las' night; toted her clar from her own house. Golly! guess he didn't see dis nig when he kiss Miss Kitty in der woods. Gwine to be a weddin' fore long er I'm a hoss." And Zeb was right, for we were married a month ago.

I don't say to all young men that they will be as fortunate as I am, for there are young men and young men, as well as girls and girls; yet I do say that, barring accidents, no man need go unwed. The foolish should seek the foolish, the wise seek the wise; there are plenty of both, though it is a pity that the doctrine of the survival of the fittest should not prevail. I left society to seek contentment and solace in the woods, and found both in the shape of a beautiful, sensible wife. What I could accomplish, others can; so, go and do likewise.—Yankee Blade.

A REVIVALIST should always be happy, but one of the most noted is always Moody.—St. John (N. B.) Gripsack.

It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer, a reliable panacea.



THE crowbar is the most enterprising of tools.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE height of folly—five feet three inches without her bonnet on.—Somerville Journal.

COULD a man who became intoxicated on aerated beverages be said to be air tight?—Light.

WHEN you take your fishing tackle to a dried up river-bed, it's carrying the thing to an ex-stream.—Plunder.

WHAT a darling world it would be if everybody were as polite as a candidate!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IF forty lightning rods make one rood, how many does it take to make one pole-light?—St. John (N. B.) Gripsack.

IT is much safer to walk in the path of a cyclone before it is made than while it is being made.—Kentucky State Journal.

Bob Ingersoll, they say you're growing stout. Remember Dana's living, and look out. —Sun and Voice.

IF you follow the advice of stock-market prophets, your profits are liable to turn out losses.—St. John (N. B.) Gripsack.

IT is peculiar how soundly a man sleeps when his wife crawls over him on her way to the kitchen to make a fire.—Boston Times.

SHE—"What do base-ball players do all the winter long?" "O, they practice their profession by going on a bat."—Boston Times.

THERE is nothing like a baby in a home. It seems to fill a small house so that nothing else is missed.—New Orleans Picayune.

NO MATTER how handsome a woman's new set of store teeth may be, she never boasts about them to the neighbors.—Somerville Journal.

Now doth the Spring appear in state,
While all her glories shine;
Behold the editor digging bait,
Or mending his fishing line.
—Atlanta Constitution.

DON'T be a clam. If you've got to be anything of the kind be a mud turtle. Then you may have some snap to you.—Binghamton Republican.

"WELL," said the rural visitor at New York, "if that's Cleopatra's needle, I'd like to see some of the stockings she used to darn."—Washington Post.

THE Norristown man who subscribed for London Punch says he is partial to far-fetched jokes. And he gets 'em once a week.—Norristown Herald.

"WERE you ever hissed off the stage?" asked the American manager of the English actor. "Never, but I've often been hissed while on it."—Dramatic Mirror.

Nelly Bly
Can't tell why
G. F. Train
Made that gain.
—Kentucky State Journal.

CITY LOVER—"I fain would thy seaphic form in love's embrace enfold." Rustic Maiden—"Wal, young feller, you can't set about it any too quick."—Binghamton Leader.

MAMMA—"Now, don't you want to be good, Johnnie, and go to heaven some day?" Johnnie (doubtfully)—"Yes'm; but I'd rather go to the circus first."—Washington Star.

WHEN a man considers how easy he finds it to lend money, he cannot help wondering sometimes that he finds it so hard to get anybody else to lend money to him.—Somerville Journal.

REV. DR. TALMAGE declares that he "could never understand why a woman should be ashamed about getting old." She isn't. She is ashamed to acknowledge it—that's all.—Norristown Herald.

Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court of New York, has decided that Dr. I. G. B. Siegert & Sons have the exclusive right to the Trademark and name of Angostura Bitters, and has granted them an injunction against C. W. Abbott & Co., of Baltimore, restraining them from using that name or putting up goods in imitation of the Angostura Bitters.

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In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are not an experiment; they have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary testimonials from those who have used them.

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Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Gems of Thought.

Heavenly hope is like a star in the firmament, which shines the brighter as the shades of sorrow darken.

The life and light of a nation are inseparable.

Fortune turns faster than a mill-wheel, and those who were yesterday at top may find themselves at bottom to-day.

Every one is the son of his own works.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Thomas Carlyle.

I beg you to take courage; the brave soul can mend even disaster.—Catharine of Russia.

We should do nothing inconsistent with the spirit and genius of our institutions. We should do nothing for revenge, but everything for security; nothing for the past, everything for the present and the future.

Good fortune seldom comes pure and single, unattended by some troublesome or unexpected circumstance.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.—Jeremiah, xvii., 7.

Common sense is the gift of heaven; enough of it is genius.

It is only when the people speak truth and justice that their voice can be called "the voice of God."

Be brief in thy discourse, for what is prolix cannot be pleasing.

Much time is necessary to know people thoroughly.

A noble gentleman; he stands in the face of honor.—Ben Jonson.

Painful it is to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this, too, in our life, must we learn to bear without a murmur, for it is a tale often repeated.—Hyperion.

Why He Stayed.

Miss Mabel—"It's early yet, Mr. Spoooneigh; must you go?"

Mr. Spoooneigh—"Pardon me, but are those your father's overgaiters in the hall?"

Miss Mabel—"Yes. Papa's feet are always very tender in the spring."

Mr. Spoooneigh (promptly)—"Thank you, Miss Mabel, I will stay a little longer."—Sun and Voice.

If you are tired taking the large, old-fashioned griping pills, and are satisfied that purging yourself till you are weak and sick is not good common-sense, then try Carter's Little Liver Pills and learn how easy it is to be free from Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, and all Liver troubles. These little pills are smaller, easier to take and give quicker relief than any pill in use. One a dose. Price 25 cents.

Jake's Diversion.

"Dot boy Shake—dot boy Shake!" he mournfully repeated as a friend asked him if he was no longer in business in St. Louis.

"Jake is your son?"

"Yes, my son; my idiot."

"What did Jake do?"

"Vhell, I goes oop to Chicago to see my sister, who vhas dead. Shake vhas left to run der store. Peeesness vhas a leedle off, und Shake plans dot he vhill make a diversion. I belief it vhas a diversion, but my head aches so hard I vhas not sure."

"Yes, it was probably a diversion."

"Vhell, he goes down cellar, und starts a leedle fire—not mooch, but shust enough to bring out der engines und a crowd, und smoke up der goods. It vhas for a great fire sale, you know—goods slightly damaged—feefteen dollar suits for five—greatest bonanza for working peoples eafter known in St. Louis."

"I see."

"But he gets too much fire, und avhay goes der house, der clothing, und der peeessness."

"But you were insured?"

"So help me gracious, but der policies run oud at noon, und Shake makes dot diversion at 5 o'clock in der afternoon! All vhas gone oop—all except a determination to go to work und build oop anew. I vhas shust starting in a small vhay again. Maybe you like me to sell you a better suit dan you haf on for four dollar—all wool, well made, indigo dye, und computed to stand any climate."—New York Sun.

The Real Trouble.

Clevertown—"Why were you not at the ball the other evening?"

Dashaway—"My tailor went back on me."

"Didn't send your clothes in time, eh?"

"Oh, yes he did. He sent them C. O. D."—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Preventive of a Terrible Disease.

No disorders, excepting the most deadly forms of lung disease, involve such a tremendous destruction of organic tissue as those which fasten on the kidneys. Such maladies, when they become chronic—and none are so liable to assume that phase—completely wreck the system. To prevent this terrible disease, recourse should be had, upon the first manifestation of trouble, to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which experience has proved to be highly effective as a means of imparting tone and regularity to the organs of urination, as well as to the liver, stomach and bowels. Another beneficial result of this medicine, naturally consequent upon its diuretic action, is the elimination from the blood of impurities which beget rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, dropsy, and other maladies. By increasing the activity of the kidneys, it augments the depurative efficiency of these organs, which are most important outlets for the escape of such impurities.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY.



LEWIS M. SWEET.

Among the young men whose literary productions are becoming familiar to the humor-loving public Lewis M. Sweet holds a prominent position. He was born in San Antonio, Texas, in 1867, and moved to New York in 1883. About one year ago he joined SIFTINGS' force, and his work is rapidly becoming popular and widely quoted.

The Gratitude of a Wild Animal.

The other morning Keeper Havens performed a very delicate operation. The lioness Mollie chewed a piece of raw beef, which the butcher had chopped up with a cleaver, leaving some fragments of bone in the flesh. A large sliver of bone pierced the lioness' gum on the outside of the jaw, next to the cheek, just below the left eye. The place swelled and festered, and the animal suffered a great deal of pain, and she was unable to eat. Yesterday morning Keeper Havens went to the cage and by coaxing the lioness he got her to lie down, and he then slipped ropes over her fore feet, stretching them to either side of the cage and tying them securely. Mollie kicked and struggled until the keeper fondled her awhile. After she was secured he entered the cage all alone, and taking her head between his knees he cut a small incision in the cheek and drew out the sliver, an inch in length. He did the work all alone. Yesterday afternoon, after she had been released several hours, he visited the cage, and she met him with a gratified look, holding the wound up to the bars of the cage as if she were glad that he had performed the operation that relieved her, and she appeared as docile and kindly as a kitten, although she had been fierce and resentful before.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Clever Blind Man.

"You talk about your extraordinary cases of blind men," said a prominent oculist to me yesterday. "I have discovered one who surpasses all hitherto mentioned in medical works. He is Julius Stern, who runs a billiard saloon and tobacco store on third avenue. Twelve years ago he was a well known athlete and carried off many prizes in the championship field. During a race one day he met with a serious accident, was carried to a hospital, and left it when totally blind. He had artificial eyes inserted, and to look at him no one in the world would know of his affliction. He attends to four billiard tables, tips all the

cues, sells cigars and tobacco, and can tell all the different brands and makes change just as quickly as any one possessing sight. He has never yet been known to make a mistake. Stranger than all, he can play billiards. Not, of course, a regular game, but, by placing balls at either end of the table he can play many difficult shots. He made a bet last week that he would walk from his store to the city hall, dine in a restaurant and board an uptown L road train without using a stick or even pausing a moment. He won the bet, and although he met hundreds of people, not one could tell that he was blind."—New York Star.

An Antidote.

Caller—"I hear that quinine will cause deafness."

Physician—"It will, if taken in large quantities."

Caller—"Then give me a big dose, Doc. I'm going with my wife to a Wagnerian concert."—Chicago Times.

Continued Next Week.

Crowd (in elevator)—"How soon does this elevator go up, boy?"

Elevator Boy (reading)—"Jes' as soon as I find out if the gal who leaped from the cliff was caught by her feller, who stood on the rocks one thousand feet below."—Harper's Weekly.

For delicacy, for purity, and for improvement of the complexion nothing equals Pozzoni's Powder.

Where we Excel the Ancients.

Willie (coming home from church)—"Papa, they hadn't learned how to pray very well in Bible times, had they?"

Papa—"I suppose, my son, people could pray then as well as they do now."

Willie (positively)—"No, they couldn't. The Lord's Prayer is only a minute long, and our minister can pray for a quarter of an hour."—Philadelphia Times.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," so they all say, and their husbands say so too!

It Keeps Coming Down.

"Keeps coming right down, don't it?" cheerily remarked young Shallowpate to Uncle Sowersby.

Uncle Sowersby beckoned him in out of the storm, carefully adjusted his glasses, and then solemnly remarked:

"Young man, did you ever see rain go up?"

Young Shallowpate confusedly allowed he didn't think he ever had.

"Ever know of any instance, either within your own experience, or in any book, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, upon which by any conceivable possibility you might base a belief that it ever did or ever will do anything but just come down?"

Shallowpate appeared rather embarrassed, and held his peace.

"No, you never did," snarled the old pirate, "and you never will. Now you run right along home, and let God Almighty manage this rain business, and not bother sensible people with your foolish questions!"

He went.—Westborough (Mass.) Tribune.

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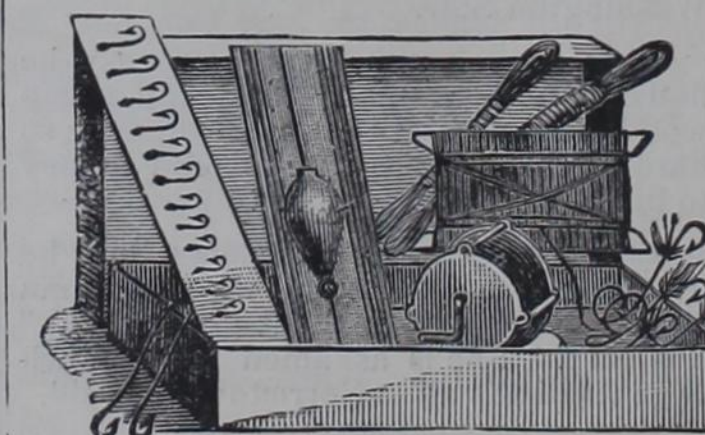


Read what the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and editor of the Christian Union, says:

It seems to me the biggest mullum in the smallest parlor I have ever seen. For convenience of packing away much store in small space it competes with the famous bee cells; and for convenience of getting at the store, the bee cells are nowhere in comparison. It makes easy observance of the motto, "A place for everything and everything in its place." If

any words of mine can put this desk into a deskless home, I shall have put that home under obligations to me. (Signed) LYMAN ABBOTT. We also manufacture the "Favorite" combination desk. The best standing desk on the market. Send for catalogue to

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Louis James will play Macbeth next season.

During the two weeks' stay of The Old Homestead in Philadelphia the receipts amounted to \$24,000.

Harry Hilliard, the tenor, is said to look a great deal happier since his wife ran away with a gambler named Chase.

One of the few successes of the season, The Silent Partner, played to very large houses last week. Mr. Polk is indeed a clever comedian.

Louis Aldrich closed his engagement at Palmer's last Saturday night. The play has met with fair success, and will no doubt do well on the road.

Niblo's is closed for the summer, but will reopen in the middle of August with a new spectacular drama by Wm. Gillette. In the meantime the theatre will be thoroughly overhauled.

The revival of Pinafore at the Academy of Music has proved to be a success even beyond the expectations of its projectors. The attendance has steadily been increasing since the opening night. As to the performance—it could not be better.

M. B. Curtis, as Meyer Petowsky, in The Shatchen, at the Star Theatre, keeps the house in a constant roar. The play is a sure winner, and so far the receipts at the box office have been very large. On warm nights the theatre is cooled by a new patent cooling apparatus in the basement.

Beau Brummel, the new comedy by Clyde Fitch, is a delightful picture of last century life and manners. The play abounds in witty dialogue, clever repartee, and has a fine literary and artistic finish. Judged by the lines alone, the author is no ordinary man. It must be said, however, that the piece lacks action, and it is suggested that it would be improved by practically cutting out the first scene of the last act. Nothing is gained by the repetition of the Beau's poverty, and Mr. Mansfield's magnificent acting in the last scene would have greater effect if given as shortly successive to the arrest by the bailiffs. In his portrayal of the leading character, Richard Mansfield has given another proof of his genius and versatility. His performance has nothing in common with his other successes. It is a distinct creation. Mr. Mansfield is ably supported by the really fine acting of Mr. J. Ferguson, who plays Mortimer, his valet. Mr. Harkins, as George IV., is remarkable in make-up, bluff and historical. Miss Mason, as Mrs. St. Aubyn, is individual and effective. Mrs. Brutone, as the Duchess, is thoroughly in character. Miss Agnes Miller, who plays the heroine, is maidly and delightful. Not the least in this exceptional cast is the piquant and quaint charm of Miss Bennet as Kathleen, the maid. She is bewitching. So fine an effort for the American drama as this production evidences should meet with a cordial response from the public.

Miss Innocent—"Of course you dance the german, Count Swappenheimer?"

The Count—"Vell, I dinks dot I knose mine own langeyvage mid mine bode feedt!"—Town Topics.

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THE SPORTSMAN'S LAMENT AND JOY.

Once upon a noonday dreary,
Whilst a-fishing, lone and weary,
Luckless, thirsty, hungry, sore;
Presently a languid feeling
Quite resistless came a-stealing
O'er me, and I rowed to shore.

Down I lay there without cover;
When the flies began to hover;
And the fleas skipped up my pants;
Gnats and woodticks held high revel;
"Skeeters" stabbed me like the D—,
And the earth seemed black with ants.

Vainly did I seek to slumber;
Bugs and spiders without number
Danced like demons on my head;
Polecats, 'possums, squirrels, ground-hogs,
Lizards, turtles, beetles, pond-frogs
Seemed possessed to share my bed.

Thus I lay until the morrow,
Wond'ring if surcease from sorrow
Ever came to human kind.
While the mists of morning lifted,
O'er my nose a paper drifted,
Gently wafted by the wind.

Straightway, then, I ceased all musing,
While the little scrap perusing;
There I read the blissful charms
Of a sleeping-suit, inclosing
An imaginary sportsman, dozing
Like some child in mother's arms.

Thus I read, and saw a picture
Of a robe made without mixture—
Made of camel's natural wool,
Made with folds that clasp together,
Made to suit all kinds of weather—
For winter, warm; for summer, cool.

So I ordered one to try it—
Let no skeptic here deny it—
Fleas are euhred! "Skeeters" mute!
Robed am I like king in ermine,
Safe from every kind of vermin,
Thanks to "Jaeger's Sleeping-Suit!"

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"I am a-working, lady."

"At what? You show no signs of it."

"No matter for that, mum, I'm a-working as a traveling adver. for a soap firm. I'm the 'Before Using' card, and my pardner around the corner represents the 'After Using' end of the combination. Thank you, mum."—Philadelphia Times.

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"Horace (standing on the steps and looking out at the pitiless storm; time, 11 p. m.)—"How it comes down!"

Penelope (absent-mindedly)—"I do hope you may be able to get home before it stops raining."

Horace (stiffly)—"I think I can." [Rushes out into the storm.]—Chicago Tribune.

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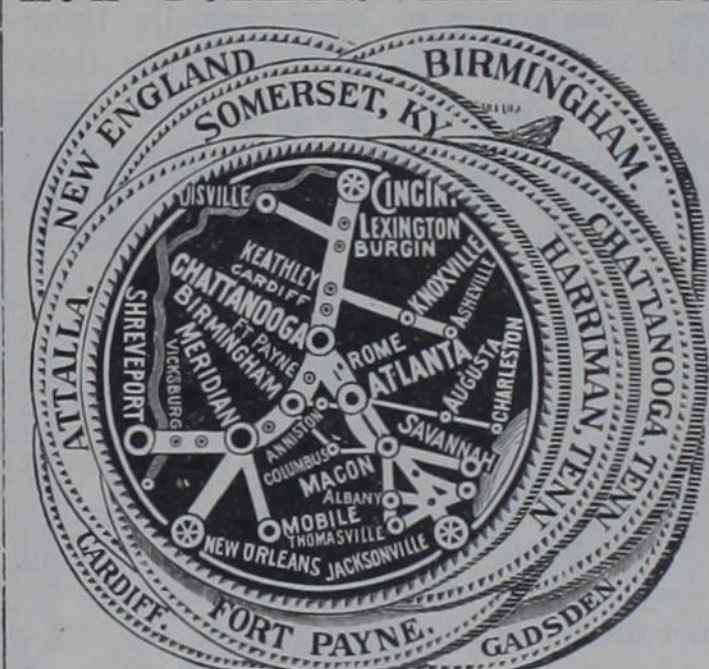
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Lv. Chattanooga	8:35 a.m.	11:15 p.m.
Ar. Rome	11:45 a.m.	2:10 a.m.
Ar. Atlanta	2:20 p.m.	6:25 a.m.
Lv. Atlanta	7:00 p.m.	5:45 a.m.
Ar. Macon	10:20 p.m.	9:05 a.m.
Ar. Jesup	3:50 a.m.	2:58 p.m.
Ar. Waycross	4:55 a.m.	4:18 p.m.
Ar. Jacksonville	7:35 a.m.	6:50 p.m.
Ar. Brunswick	6:10 a.m.	5:15 p.m.
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Harper's Bazar has a two-page picture of The Prince and Princess of Wales on the Way to the Drawing-room. If a carriage and pair of horses are necessary to take them to the drawing-room, it must require a coach and four to conduct them to the parlor.

In St. Nicholas for June are many articles interesting to children, illustrated in the high style of art for which this periodical is justly noted. Six Years in the Wilds of Africa has all the charm of a thrilling romance. There are poems by Celia Thaxter, Margaret Johnson and Grace Denio Litchfield.

In Belford's Magazine for June is a complete novel, by Jenny Watkins, entitled The Woman's Version, which is undoubtedly different from any version a man could give. John F. Hume tells How to See Europe. Donn Piatt affords a very interesting sketch of the late General Schenck. There is a notable paper by Anthony Comstock on the public necessity of extirpating crime breeders. The poetry of the number is furnished by Henry F. Godden and Edgar Fawcett.

TEXAS SIFTINGS of the 3d inst. contains a portrait of Alexander E. Sweet, editor and part proprietor of this popular journal. He was born in St. John in 1841, and removed with his father, James E. Sweet, of the firm of Handford & Sweet, to San Antonio, Texas, in 1849. The famous humorist has a world-wide reputation, and has accumulated a handsome fortune. His son, A. E. Sweet, Jr., is an excellent caricaturist, and the SIFTINGS frequently contains his comical sketches.—From St. John (N. B.) Gripsack.

The opening paper in the Atlantic for June is by Charles Dudley Warner—The Novel and the Common School. He argues that literature is of the first importance in the scheme of education, and that the American novel will develop as an audience is supplied for it. Hannis Taylor discusses the growing inefficiency of the National House of Representatives as a legislative body. The Eight Hour Law Agitation is written about by Francis A. Walker. He is opposed to State intervention with regard to the number of hours of labor, and states his reasons cogently. Dr. Holmes, in his Over the Teacups, treats upon intellectual over-feeding and its consequence—mental dyspepsia—in his usual felicitous way. He believes that the modern newspaper, with its mass of literary trash, is largely responsible for it, and he is probably right.

Full and running over with good things is the June Harper. It opens with a translation by Henry James of Alphonse Daudet's Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin. A portrait of Daudet forms the frontispiece. Through the Caucasus is a charmingly illustrated paper. The American Burlesque, by Laurence Hutton, is illustrated by portraits of many stage favorites in popular character, among them James Lewis, Nat Goodwin, Stuart Robson, Henry E. Dixey, W. H. Crane, Francis Wilson and others. Bismarck is powerfully sketched by George Moritz Wahl. Julian Ralph describes Birmingham, England, as The Best Governed City in the World. Is he not acquainted with the government of New York? The young whist

player—and many old whist players, too—may learn much by reading a paper upon this interesting game, furnished by Prof. Goodrich.

Questions on the Future of Man.

It must be confessed that man has had a long inning. Perhaps it is true that he owed this to his physical strength, and that he will only keep it hereafter by intellectual superiority, by the dominance of mind. And how in this generation is he equipping himself for the future? He is a money-making animal. That is beyond dispute. Never before were there such business men as this generation can show—Napoleons of finance, Alexanders of adventure, Shakspeares of speculation, Porsons of accumulation. He is great in his field, but is he leaving the intellectual province to woman? Does he read as much as she does? Is he becoming anything but a newspaper-made person? Is his mind getting to be like the newspaper? Speaking generally of the mass of business men—and the mass are business men in this country—have they any habit of reading books? They have clubs, to be sure, but of what sort? With the exception of a conversation club here and there, and a literary club, more or less perfunctory, are they not mostly social clubs for comfort and idle lounging, many of them known, as other workmen are, by their "chips"? What sort of a book would a member make out of "Chips from my Workshop"? Do the young men, to any extent, join in Browning clubs and Shakspeare clubs and Dante clubs? Do they meet for the study of history, of authors, of literary periods, for reading and discussing what they read? Do they in concert dig in the encyclopædias, and write papers about the correlation of forces, and about Savonarola, and about the Three Kings? In fact, what sort of a hand would the Three Kings suggest to them? In the large cities the women's clubs, pursuing literature, art, languages, botany, history, geography, geology, mythology, are innumerable. And there is hardly a village in the land that has not from one to six clubs of young girls who meet once a week for some intellectual purpose. What are the young men of the villages and the cities doing meantime? How are they preparing to meet socially these young ladies who are cultivating their minds? Are they adapting themselves to the new conditions? or are they counting, as they always have done, on the adaptability of women, on the facility with which the members of the bright sex can interest themselves in base-ball and the speed of horses and the chances of the "street"? Is it comfortable for the young man, when the talk is about the last notable book, or the philosophy of the popular poet or novelist, to feel that laughing eyes are sounding his ignorance?—Harper's Magazine.

The Brute.

Miss Cassy Corda—"You've broken my heart!"

Tom Blunt—"Oh, well; accidents will happen!"—Puck.

In Hard Luck.

Kind Lady—"I suppose your lot is full of hardship?"

Tramp—"Indeed, it is, mum. In th' winter w'en the farmers is doin' nothin' but eatin' apples an' drinkin' cider, it's too cold fer us to tramp; and in th' summer we're allers bein' offered work."—New York Weekly.

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Incidental.

Made to order—the table maid.

It is painful to hear corns-talk.

Even a truthful man will lie—out all night when he can't help himself.

The last chants—a mass for the repose of the dead.

"To Greece we give our shining blades" sounds like a butcher's song, but it isn't.

Never eat on an empty stomach. Better, far better, have it on a plate or the half-shell.

Poisonous insects always cut a swell when they bite you.

Soon the dog-star will begin to rage, and the heat will be a Sirius thing.

The butcher's boom is on. Beef hasn't been so high since the cow jumped over the moon.

Sailors generally know more about the world than other people because they have been to see.

Talk about raising children, let them play about the southeast corner of a mule if you want to see them raised.

It has often been said that you can't depend on a mule. This is a mistake, for you can depend upon it he will kick you the first good chance he gets, if he has to wait seven years for that chance.—Will Visscher, in Fairhaven Herald.

Not Alarmed.

Patti (off for Europe)—"Farewell! A last farewell!"

America—"Ta-ta! See you later."—New York Weekly.



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"I love you, dear," he softly said—
 "My pa is in the leather trade;"
 (She turned away her golden head);
 "In fact my fortune's nearly made."
 "Retail or wholesale?" murmured she.
 "'Tis well to be precise, you know
 I give my heart, my life to thee,
 If it be wholesale—is it so?"
 "It is, of course," the youth replied,
 And clasped her to his fervent breast.
 "Then I'm thine own," she faintly sighed,
 "My fate with thine shall ever rest."

—London Society.

ROBERT ADAIR.

What's this dull town to me?
 Robin's not near;
 He whom I wish to see,
 Wish for to hear.
 Where's all the joy and mirth
 Made life a heaven on earth?
 Oh! they're all fled with thee,
 Robin Adair!

What made th' assembly shine?
 Robin Adair!
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin was there!
 What, when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore?
 Oh! it was parting with
 Robin Adair!

But now thou art far from me,
 Robin Adair!
 But now I never see
 Robin Adair!
 Yet he I love so well.
 Still in my heart shall dwell.
 Oh! I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair!

—Exchange.

A MINOR CHORD.

Sweetheart—now lost forever!
 The way is dark and long,
 And laughter cometh never,
 And dead are mirth and song.

I see thee not, nor hear thee,
 Through all the leaden years,
 And naught of life seems near me,
 Save agony and tears.

Sometimes, in solemn hours,
 The bells of memory ring;
 'Mid vistas wreathed with flowers,
 The past awakes to sing.

Once more thy radiant beauty
 Is near me in the night;
 And life is love, and duty,
 An unalloyed delight.

The perfume of thy presence
 A censer faintly swings—
 In earth and air the essence
 Of dear familiar things.

It passes, and the ashes
 Of roses fill the room;
 The wave of sorrow plashes
 Against a shore of doom.

O Spirit of Life's sadness!
 O unseen Angel, stay!
 Avert my soul from madness,
 And pray for me alway.

—Howard Seely, in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Non-Professional Advice.

"A person who has always lived on plain food in moderate quantities is advised to eat more in order to build up the system. This extra nourishment, instead of strengthening or fattening the body, seems to go to the brain, causing dizziness and dull headache."

If this advice was professional, the physician should have followed it up to ascertain whether it was suited to the case, and when the above effects were seen to follow, it was his duty to modify his advice accordingly. But probably the advice was non-professional, and we venture the following suggestions:

1. There is too much of this sort of advice. It is seldom correct, and is often dangerous. Most people think that what is good for them must be good for every one else. They have no adequate knowledge of the varying physical conditions of different individuals. They mean well enough, but their well-meant advice has sent thousands to the grave.

2. If a healthy person, who has always used plain food in moderation is satisfied with it, it is evident that he does not need more. If he did, his appetite would clamor for it, and he would need no outside advice. The people are very few who hurt themselves by moderation and plainness of diet.

If our correspondent's system really needs "building up," the cause of the trouble should be sought somewhere else. It may be in the quality of his food.

Whole-wheat bread or mush, flesh or fish, beans or peas, and the different fruits, when variously combined, furnish all the essentials for growth, strength and the proper working of the entire system, physical and mental. But a diet, consisting mainly of fine white flour, rice, potatoes or fat, affords very little nourishment, and one may starve on it.

Again, the fault may be in a lack of sleep or exercise, in an unventilated bedroom, bad hygienic surroundings, or in some injurious habit. Or there may be some internal trouble which the physician should search for and correct.

The fact that eating more food led to dizziness and headache showed that the increase was not called for, that the man was already taking as much as was needed. We advise him to return to his former eating habits, and see if he cannot himself detect the cause of his trouble. If he cannot, let him call his physician.—Youth's Companion.

Very Delicate.

Jenkins—"I hear, Mr. Niersteiner, that you are going into business in our neighborhood."

Mr. Niersteiner—"Ya, dot vas a fact."

Jenkins—"What business are you contemplating going into?"

Mr. Niersteiner—"I was going to open a delicatessen shtore."

Jenkins—"What sort of a place is that?"

Mr. Niersteiner—"Don't you know? Dot vas a place vere dey keep light und delicate dainties to eat."

Jenkins—"Such as what?"

Mr. Niersteiner—"Sooch as pigs' feet and tripe und sauer fish und Limburger kase.—Merchant Traveler.

"GET under that ball!" yelled the captain, as the batter knocked a high fly to centre field. "All right!" replied the fielder, running forward and then stopping, "I understand."—Harvard Lampoon.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
 T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Meaning and Origin of the Word Mascot.

The word "mascot" was introduced into literature by means of the comic opera "La Mascotte," written by Audran; but it seems to have been a term in common use long previously among gamblers and sporting characters generally in France. It was used to signify some object, animate or inanimate, which, like the luck-penny, brought good fortune to its possessor. The word is further traced back to the patois of Provence and Gascony, where a mascot is something which brings luck to a household. There is little doubt that it is etymologically derived from the word masque (masked or concealed), which in provincial French is applied—as *ne coiffe* is in more polished French—to a child born with a caul. The caul is a thin membrane which sometimes covers the head of an infant at birth, and has from the earliest times been regarded with superstitious feelings. The child born with it was esteemed highly fortunate, and was believed to be destined, not only to be lucky himself but to be the source of luck in others; and the caul itself was esteemed a charm of great virtue, and high prices were often paid for its possession.—Boston Budget.

The Hog Pen.

Chicagoan—"This is my home; beautiful, isn't it? Built with the products of my pen."

Visitor—"Then you are a writer!"

Chicagoan—"No, indeed; I am a pork merchant."—Yankee Blade.

PLAYS

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
 When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
 When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dueling in Japan.

Dueling, which was universal among the military classes in Japan prior to the revolution of 1868, and which had fallen greatly into disuse subsequent to that event, has of late shown a tendency to revive, and accordingly the Government has at last dealt with the subject. In a decree signed by the Emperor, countersigned by the Prime Minister and the Minister of Justice, which has recently been issued, it is provided that whoever sends or accepts a challenge for a duel shall be punished with imprisonment, with hard labor, for a period of not less than six months and not more than two years, together with a fine of from \$10 to \$100.

By the second article, whoever shall have engaged in a duel shall be punished with imprisonment, with hard labor, for a period of not less than two and not more than five years, together with a fine of from \$20 to \$200. Whoever commits murder or inflicts bodily injury on another in a duel shall be punished under the provisions of the penal code applicable to that offense under ordinary circumstances. Whoever attends or promises to attend a duel as a witness, or under whatever name or pretense, shall be punished with imprisonment, with hard labor, for a period of not less than one month or more than one year, together with a fine of from \$5 to \$50. Whoever shall let or place at the disposal of duelists any place with a full knowledge of the circumstances under which it is to be used shall be liable to the former penalty.

Whoever shall defame a person for not accepting a challenge to a duel shall be punished under the provisions of the penal code for the crime of defamation, and, finally, the offenses detailed in the preceding articles shall be referred to the penal code, and shall be punishable in accordance with its provisions, should they prove to be more severe.

The drastic nature of this legislation will be perceived by reference to the minimum punishment, which, for sending a challenge, is hard labor for six months; fighting a duel is two years; being a second is one month, together with fines; while to kill an antagonist is murder, to wound him is the crime of causing grievous bodily harm, and, finally, as a conclusion and crown to the whole, duelists and their friends are to be punished, not by this special law, but by the general penal law, if it happens that the punishments provided by the latter are more severe.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Oregon. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Harrison Street, at 10:45 P. M. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to GEO. K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark Street, or to F. J. EDDY, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth Avenue and Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Southerners Like New York.

Southerners take to New York more than to any other city north of Mason and Dixon's line. They are at home there whether as visitors or residents. When the close of the war found thousands of southern men penniless, and without any method of earning a living in the devastated South, many of them came to New York.

At every considerable social gathering in New York one is almost sure to find

several distinguished ex-Confederates. The southerner in New York retains much of the provincialism and clannishness with which he is created, but in spite of this he is adaptable, more so, probably, than the New Englander. His happy go lucky temper fits in well with the recklessness of the city and his suavity of manner vastly smoothes the rough places of business life. It is noticeable, too, that the southerner seldom falls into the social vice of snobbishness.—Cor. Pittsburg Post.

He was a Fighter.

Colonel Candler, of Georgia, tells a good story of his first meeting with Private John Allen, of Mississippi, and how the private "worsted" him in a knock-down and drag-out fight.

"I was down near Tupelo in command of a Georgia company," said Mr. Candler. "One morning a lean, lank, gawky country boy, who looked as if you held him up to the light you could see the tadpoles in him, walked up to my tent and drawled out, 'Cap'n one o' your d—n men stole my blanket an' I'm goin' to frail h—ll out'n somebody.'"

"About this moment one of my men came up and said: 'Captain, it is my blanket he refers to. You know that blanket, for you have slept under it many times.'"

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I remember it. Of course it is yours.'"

"'Yes,' said the boy, 'that's just like you d—n Georgians. One of you will tell a lie and t'other will swear to it. Now, cap'n, if you will jist shed them stripes I'll whip you quicker'n h—ll will scorch a feather.'"

"I couldn't stand that challenge," continued the Georgian. "I quickly threw off my coat and lit into the fight. Well, if it had not been for my men I believe that fellow would have beat me to death. He simply plowed up the earth with me, and then offered to whip all my men one by one, but none of them would try him. That boy was Private John Allen, the Mississippi congressman."—Atlanta Constitution.

Physically Impossible.

Eva (to Ella, just engaged)—"I suppose, of course, that Jack got on his knee to propose?"

Ella—"No; he couldn't."

"And why couldn't he, pray?"

"Er—because I was on it."—Pick-me-up.

Peoria Wins Again.

Money is pouring into Peoria from almost every quarter of the universe, and among the many contributors to the general fund is The Louisiana State Lottery Company that of late has poured into the pockets of many of our humbler and poorer citizens thousands of dollars. In a little one-story cottage at 318 Apple street lives a young Irish-American, Richard Fitzpatrick, who last month held one twentieth of ticket number 27,994 that drew the second capital prize of \$100,000. A representative of *The Call* interviewed him on Tuesday with the following result:

"I returned from Mexico about four months ago, and at each drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery since that time have purchased a one-twentieth ticket. In April I held one-twentieth of ticket number 27,994, which drew the second capital prize of \$100,000, and received my share of the money, \$5,000, through the American Express Company this morning. I have only invested four dollars in tickets and the returns received have, of course, been very satisfactory. At present I do not know how I shall invest the money. It is my intention to continue to buy tickets every month since I have struck a streak of luck."

Mr. Fitzpatrick is a young, unmarried man, about twenty-five years of age, and is a fireman in the employ of the Peoria Sugar Works. He is remarkably bright and intelligent, and will make good use of the money that has come to him so unexpectedly.—Peoria (Ills.) *Saturday Evening Call*, May 3.



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A Mean Man.

Jarrett—"Peterson is absolutely the meanest man I ever met. Do you know what that fellow did when he was married?"

Garret—"What? Declined to fee the minister?"

Jarrett—"Fee the minister! Why, sir, the ushers took up a collection at the wedding!"—Life.

All Talking at Once.

Theatre Manager—"Some fool in the gallery yelled 'Fire!' at the top of his lungs, during the performance, to-night."

Friend—"You don't say! Was there a panic?"

Theatre Manager—"No. Luckily there were fifteen theatre-parties in the house, and the cry was not heard."—Texas Cartoon.

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Mrs. Maginty—"Begorra, Moike, thim bears is foine animals. I wisht Oi had the skin av one av thim."

Maginty—"Arrah, phat would you be doin' wid a bear skin if yez had wan?"

Mrs. Maginty—"Sure Oi'd make me a buffalo robe wid it."—America.



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